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TWO POEMS ON THE SEA

By Raymond Garlick

EBB TIDE

The endless moving stairway of the sea
slides into shallow steps, and on the shore
sinks to a single plane which old wives say

withdraws or floods upon the seventh wave.
Before each smooth serration of the sand
the spinning waters rise and seem to weave

a silk that rides the breakers when they fall,
a taut, transparent skin, and underneath
the tide's green sinews flex, its long nerves feel

the mechanistic moon's relentless brain.
But Aphrodite sprang from this machine
and Neptune rose in triumph from the brine.

POEM

"The Welsh-Speaking Sea" (*Dylan Thomas*)

So Iestyn staggers down the shore of speech
and trips and suddenly sits and takes his rest,
playing with sounds like pebbles on a beach ;

then clambers up and totters proudly on
towards the sonorous vowels of the sea,
and casts a net of consonants upon

the wondrous waters, angling for a word.
He waits and watches, drawing in his breath,
until the waves withdraw. Then like a bird

his less than two years' tongue wings on its way
a singing syllable of sense, a sound
caught from the bounding chaos of the bay.

Never before more splendidly was sung
this litany of language on his lips,
nor Welsh more lovely tumbled from a tongue.

SCHOOL

By Gilbert Thomas

When I watch youth on rashness bent,
And would its folly circumvent,
I pause : then shut my eye and see
The young, grown to maturity,
Themselves in turn lamenting how
Their young ignore sage precept now.
And though it still occurs to me

That things much pleasanter might be
 If one generation from another
 Could profit to avoid new bother,
 Yet, reasoning, I am driven back
 Upon a very different track,
 Finding the stubborn facts agree
 Best with the old theology,
 Which saw our callow earthly state
 As one of mere novitiate.
 Even if age be really wise,
 Not itself embryo in God's eyes,
 Its counsel is but seed, and whence
 Save from the soil, experience,
 Can the flower bloom again? Some say
 Youth ushers in a brighter day.
 Yet every birth sets life once more
 On the stiff pathway climbed before.
 The process—bodying the aim—
 Perennially is the same.
 Changeless, if changing, school goes on;
 Fresh pupils succeed the old ones gone;
 And each, through trial and mistake,
 His own slow headway still must make,
 Squandering effort if intent
 On swift or faked accomplishment.
 Trust not in slick Utopian dreams:
 Barren our too-impatient schemes.
 Faith may a farther end discern:
 Here we are learning how to learn.

GENTLEWOMAN IN TENEMENT

By Temple Lane

Between the dusk and darkness ailment-clamped
To her bed she saw the window, Georgian-paned,
the outside sooted : on the cross-wall stamped
a molten-golden window shadow-veined.
Of course she knew a street lamp put it there ;
but slung between it and Saturday-night she now
to touch the gold could consciously forbear,
and, sure of the last escape, its why and how,
forget wall-surface flaking—see instead
fore-hint of glory she only need walk through.
Some shadow-bars must thwart the newly dead—
and Heaven there behind them, overdue.
“ It only needs one twisting wrench,” she said,
and sighed, and wrenched them—as it might be you.

SARTRE

By Arland Ussher

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE is probably the greatest intellectual energy in the world to-day—even if that is rather a criticism of the present world. His gusto is gigantic, and in dialectical skill and virtuosity he has no rival. Not only are his novels philosophic, but he can make philosophy as exciting as any novel; he has brought philosophy from the school-room into the marketplace (and even into more dubious areas) with a rush like a whirlwind—and good hard philosophy too! For most Anglo-Saxons, however, this will not be enough to make him acceptable: they will want to know, Is he on the right side? Is he a force for Good? Phrases like “Beyond Good and Evil” or “If God is dead, all is permitted” fall flatly on English ears. A British writer who attacks current morality must make it clear, by his serious and anxious tone, that his intentions are pure; otherwise, he may make smart people laugh—he may receive a fool’s licence which deceives even himself—but he will be secretly disliked, and even despised. The English—like that other practical, unmetaphysical race, the Chinese—are fortunate, perhaps, in having a lay morality: a thing which scarcely exists on the continent of Europe, where morals are the province of the churches (now wielding little effective authority) or, latterly, of totalitarian states (which make a private conscience unnecessary and undesirable). In England the aristocracy—always a morally anarchic element—have been captured and tamed by the bourgeoisie, with the result that *la morale bourgeoise* appears under more attractive colours as “the conduct of a gentleman”. The disadvantage of killing the aristocrats is that their ghosts show an aptitude to walk, so that the bourgeois is seen always side by side with his wicked elder brother, the courtier. The century of the naughty noblemen haunts the literary mind of France—even when the writer flirts, courtier-like, with the *canaille*; and a literature rather exceeding his importance goes on accumulating around the Marquis de Sade.

De Sade had virtues; outside his particular neurosis, he

Extract from a book Journey Through Dread, shortly to be published by Darwen & Finlayson, London and by the Devin-Adair Company, U.S.A.

appears to have been humane, and even quite remarkably magnanimous. During the Terror, he used his suddenly-acquired influence on the side of mercy, and he spared his own inveterate enemies. Sartre, who to many of the French seems like a re-incarnation of Sade, has very conspicuous virtues; compared with the Montherlants and Drieu La Rochelles he is positively *sympathique*. He certainly hates tyranny and hypocrisy. Only, as we in this century have painfully learned, these much-advertised virtues can be ambiguous. One may dislike the sham because it is so unlike the real thing—or because it so much resembles it. One may hate the tyrant because he is tyrannical, or because after all he preserves some sort of order—because in fact he gets so little fun out of his possession of power.

On which side of the line are we to place Sartre? It is not easy to say; and he is enough of a Hegelian to revel in ambiguities. To be sure, no one can read (in *La Mort dans l'Âme*) his description of the common soldiers' agony when they learn that their officers have bolted by night, or the bitter remark of the Spanish general and ex-artist on being shown through a picture-gallery in New York "One would need never to have fired upon men", or his gentle characterisation of the resistants facing torture in *Morts sans Sépulture*, or the many fleeting snapshots he gives us of the "insulted and injured", or the annihilating last close-up of *Le Sursis*—no one, I say, can read these passages without a quickening of the pulse, however tendencious they may be in their immediate purpose. Even the "heroes" in whom Sartre seems to put most of himself—Mathieu, Daniel Sereno, Roquentin—may be perverse, exasperating, degenerate, but they are not ignoble; their creator seems even to have the pleasant addiction of self-caricature. But there is something about Sartre which makes us feel he would prefer the Nazi to the bourgeois liberal, the gangster to the *honnête homme*. There is a type of intellectual—common in France and not unknown elsewhere—who dislikes old tyrannies more than new ones because they are more naïve, even because they are more human. Such was, or almost was, Voltaire: he hated religion because it was cruel, but even more because he thought it silly. And Sartre is a modern Voltaire, with a disturbing streak of de Sade.

But there is also a third element in him, the most important—which brings him, in spite of all, into line with the certainly

much greater Kierkegaard: he also is in his way a mystic, and has turned the minds of a whole generation of Frenchmen to metaphysics. It is a conversion which the age of Anatole France could barely have imagined! Through Sartre, more than any man, the French have been inoculated with German philosophy, as—in an earlier era—were Turgenev's Russians; but they have brought to it their clarity—and perhaps a slick efficiency—as the Russians brought an apocalyptic chaos. But in fact this development conforms well with the dramatic tendencies of the French mind. French thought seems to sway perpetually between libertarianism and a Jansenistic Catholicism; and the resulting tension gives to both their rather disconcerting harshness and acerbity. The real founder of the modern French propaganda-novel is the scatological mystic and unamiably humanitarian Léon Bloy, who was the spiritual begetter not only of Mauriac and Bernanos, but also a little of Céline—and Sartre. Of these writers only Sartre is a philosopher; but, whether they plump for the Pit or the Choir or (by turns) both, all of them are obsessed with *Le Bien et le Mal* in a way that to an Englishman (for whom "the Good" is a practical matter merely, and a fairly simple one) seems slightly boring. Sartre's *Huis Clos* is perilously close to "Second Empire" in its Satanism; his *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu* almost smells of sulphur and red velvet.

It is an odd fact that while puritanism has died over much of Northern Europe (or changed into quite secular moralisms and depressions), the Jansenist heresy survives at the heart of French Catholicism, and even of French anti-clericalism, like a chilling drop of poison in a good glass of wine. In both it takes the form of an excessively sombre view of life, an insecurity in the realm of the non-logical, and a fascination with evil which seems often to fringe on melodrama. Baudelaire and Gautier, Flaubert and Maupassant—these were not Catholics nor in any true sense Pagans; they were (unsuspected by themselves) spiritually Jansenists. Only, living in a bourgeois environment with a nostalgia of the old régime, these imaginative artists created a new Devil—the Bourgeois. And, as the republican bourgeoisie were in certain respects oddly puritan—or at least prudish—their Jansenistic denouncers appeared (naturally, much to their own delight) like wicked diabolists, as their successors to-day are still well content to appear. That is the paradox—and in a

social sense the malady—of France. And I suggest it is the paradox, and the dangerousness, of Jean-Paul Sartre.

Sartre scarifies the bourgeois as Shaw scarified the "Victorians" (which is perhaps the nearest English analogue of this unpopular concept). Shaw, however, wanted to *reform* the Victorians—and to a large extent he succeeded, if not always quite in the ways he wished; but Sartre—a rebel in the continental root-and-branch tradition—does not at all care about reforming anyone. He has not the least idea of what sort of society he wants; he is not really a communist but (what is something both better and worse) an anarchist—and he can have few illusions as to what would be his fate in a leftist *coup d'état*. Moreover the bourgeoisie is necessary to him, as the Jews were to Hitler; if the bourgeois did not exist, Sartre would have to invent him. Sartre's Existentialism has the air of a revolt against the old Good and Evil—he denounces it as "bad faith" and "the spirit of seriousness", its upholders are *salauds*; but, beneath all his queer Teutonisms, we discover a new, odd, dichotomy of *Freedom* and *Nature*—notions which, thus opposed, mean only a vague restlessness and a vague disgust.

In an impressive, often-quoted, passage in *What is Literature?* Sartre wrote,

It is neither our fault nor our merit if we lived at a time when torture was a daily fact. Chateaubriand, Oradour, the Rue des Saussaies, Dachau and Ausschwitz have all demonstrated to us that evil is not an appearance . . . Five years. We lived in a daze, and as we did not take our profession of writer lightly, this state of shock is still reflected in our writings. We have undertaken to create a literature of extreme situations . . . We are Jansenists because the age has made us such.

And elsewhere in the same work he says "All war is a form of Manicheism." This is no doubt true—though the language is that of plain man's pathos rather than Existentialist logic (and none the worse for that). The moral, one would think, is that the philosopher should hate war—especially civil war—and the black-out of the mind which war brings. Still, let us grant the Sartrian doctrine (a sound one to a point, and in the case referred to undoubtedly a very courageous one) that the writer should take up a position; I believe that the recognition of vital tensions

is the sound kernel in Existentialism. Sartre's Jansenism or Manicheism, or however the personification of Evil be called, is deeper (and showed itself earlier) than the French underground movement; it produced comedy in *La Nausée* as it produced melodrama (though fine melodrama) in *Morts sans Sépulture*. Sartre, though his perceptions are vivid and even (in a cathartic, surrealist sense) poetic, is a Manichee in the strict sense of a matter-hater; nature, for him, is the ugly, and beauty is purely subjective. He is the opposite of a Chesterton or a Lawrence to whom the very independence and strangeness of nature appears as rich and thrilling—who delight in the *density* of matter as though in the consistency of a fruit, or who feel the earth as the Great Goddess. Sartre could not write like Lawrence:—

Cézanne's apple is a great deal more than Plato's Idea. Cézanne's apple rolled the stone from the mouth of the tomb. The man of flesh has been slowly destroyed through centuries to give place to the man of spirit, the mental man, the self-conscious I. And in his soul Cézanne knew it, and wanted to rise in the flesh.

For Sartre, the flesh is merely *le visqueux*—a kind of monstrous growth. He does not hate sadistic torturers so much as he hates the body, which can suffer torture—even the torture of being “transfixed”, like an insect under a pin, by a chance *look*.

For the key-word in Sartre is not really (as with the Teutonic Existentialists) despair or *Angst*, but rather disgust: though a disgust which implies a certain metaphysical humility, as of a small man in a crowd. (The fact that Sartre is personally surprisingly small must not be overlooked!) In *La Nausée*, the hero Roquentin—himself a very deracinated intellectual—sits under a chestnut-tree in a park, contemplating one of the tree's dark roots: one thinks of the sage Gautama under the bo-tree, or Omar and his book of verses beneath the bough. Suddenly he has an “illumination”, which “takes his breath away”. The innocent reader expects (and is doubtless intended to expect) some mystical rapture; but the emotion that has flooded over Roquentin is in fact nauseated disgust. The tree *exists*—gratuitously, without any reason, exists! No logical necessity can explain or justify it. The mere “facticity”, the “contingency”, of the tree is unbearable. This of course makes extremely funny reading, but the truth is that Roquentin (or

rather Sartre—for we are not told that Roquentin was an *agrégé*) has his head full of Hegel, and the whole passage might have been written as a skit upon the Master, whose diatribes against Nature it resembles. If one were to treat it seriously, one might point out that Roquentin, in a French municipal park, was scarcely considering Nature under one of her more advantageous or significant aspects. But taken by itself, who would think that this professorial fooling was to be made the basis of that formidable 700-page “Essay in Phenomenological Ontology”, *Being and Nothing?*

Nature now becomes the *En-soi*, Heidegger's *Seiendes*—Hegelianised as the object (though an unattainable one) of man's striving. Heidegger's *Dasein* (Being) has become the *Pour-Soi*, but lacking almost all transcendental unity; it is in fact the *En-Soi* which approximates to the Teutonic “Absolute”. The *Pour-Soi* has *Existence*, but not *Essence* or true Being; its being is a negative one—negative in relation to the *En-Soi*, in relation to itself, in relation (even) to its own *Néant* or state of “splitness”. To all this, when it is understood, there is really little to object; it is a restatement, in phenomenological terms, of what all religions have affirmed—the special or somehow exceptional nature of man. If Sartre had said nothing else than this he would be an interesting thinker; but of course he has said many other things—good, not-so-good and plain bad—even within the covers of *L'Etre et le Néant*. Sartre accurately shows how the human being is lured by an impossible aim—to cease from striving without relinquishing consciousness—to capture for itself an Essence and Being—in short, to become the God of which he has dreamed. Such a hope is the very meaning of the Future—which, as we know, “never comes”. But Sartre, who cuts all the strings binding his Hegelian concepts, has foundered in a pessimism which is too absolute. The Synthesis is not in an unqualified sense attainable; perfectibility is doubtless an empty dream. But human existence may, approximately, capture an “essence”; it is what is called in a person “character” and in a people “culture” (and Sartre, if he knew it, would better value the achievements of culture). The fission in self-consciousness and the tension in self-will—though always no doubt present—are felt chiefly at adolescence and in epochs of transition. Roquentin looking at the chestnut-tree had an “essence”; it was his essence to loathe chestnut-

trees, as it is part of the essence of other men to like them—or (more often) to think they like them, and never really to see them. For Roquentin at least *looked* at the chestnut-tree ; and I believe that the *Look*—with its startling possibilities—is Sartre's really vital contribution to philosophy.

Be all this as it may, the happy condition of a *Pour-Soi-En-Soi* is an idle hope—though a hope without which Time would stop. Man, for Sartre, is a “useless passion”, who “destroys himself in vain that God may be born”. On the other hand, the *Pour-Soi* is in ceaseless peril of returning to the state of a contingent *En-Soi* (meaning, a mere *thing*): a fate which he can scarcely avoid while he lives among men, and which is bound to overtake him, in any case, at his death. This happens through the agency of that formidable factor in life *Autrui*, who now enters the picture. Sartre advances what he considers to be a disproof of solipsism—that shadow (like the chasm of Pascal) which has menaced philosophy for three centuries: to be conscious of *being perceived*, Sartre argues (to put it in a sentence) is as primary and fundamental as to *perceive*. Logically, this scarcely seems sufficient, for one may *dream* (with terror) that one is being perceived ; and, for the solipsist, life is a larger dream. But upon the turbid subject of dreams I have no wish to embark. On the other hand, there are persons (Sartre himself tells us) so hardened in indifference as to live their lives without experiencing the Other, “excepting only in rare, terrifying illuminations.” Practical solipsists, they treat their fellows as “walls”, “obstacles”, or mere “coefficients of adversity” ! Yet, one must grant, the fact that a person is *two* people—a subject and an object—surely proves that he can never be *alone*, or a *Pour-Soi-En-Soi* ; after that, the existence of *others* is mere extension. Sartre is therefore saying something important ; though it is marred, as usual, by much that is dubious or extravagant. Indeed, *L'Être et le Néant* might almost better have been titled *Moi et l'Autre*. Descartes had said, “I think, therefore I am”, but he did not say “I feel, therefore I am”—which he should have done, for feeling is prior to thought ; and his emphasis on the *knowable* was a misfortune. Sartre, who beneath all his Teutonisms remains basically a Cartesian, takes the formula a step further ; he says in effect, “I can feel *malaise*, therefore there is someone who is Not-I that causes it”—though this inference is the logic of feeling and not of thinking. The

Self now becomes aware of its own limits through its awareness of the Not-Self, the Other—it is almost “ I feel, therefore *Another* is.” The Observer’s Eye represents, for Sartre, the Uncanny, the Equivocal—the shock which splinters our homely universe into a “ multiverse ”, wherein we are *afraid*.

Sartre, however, just for fear we should take him seriously, at once proceeds to cheapen and sensationalise his idea. Suppose, he says, I am doing something held to be discreditable—say listening at a key-hole. Suddenly I become aware of an *eye* behind me, fixing me—perhaps an accusing voice and outstretched finger. For the first time, I experience—along with terror—*shame* ; and Sartre will have it that all our guilt-feelings originated in this way—a very obvious cart-before-horse argument. In his massive analysis of Genet, the pederast and thief of genius (where the vision of the accusing finger is again called up) we find something like the ancient theory that it is the Law which brings Sin into the world, and not the other way ; and it is suggested that the thief (who was not one until he was detected) can do no other than take up the challenge. The thesis is advanced with Shavian brilliance, but with a tough cynicism that Shaw would have found incredible, and a perversity of imagination unprecedented, I should think, in the literature of ideas. Nevertheless, though the book is scarcely likely to be translated, it has pages which show Sartre’s bitter raillery at its best.

The Fall, for Heidegger, meant man’s falling into the world. For Sartre, it means his falling among other men : almost literally indeed “ among thieves ”, for every eye is like a looking-glass in a death-chamber, liable (as primitive men hold) to steal the soul in transit. Thus the world becomes a gallery of mirrors, turned at all imaginable angles to catch the victim. The Other transfixes me, petrifies me, “ em-pastes ” me, “ en-glues ” me—he “ steals my world ”, draws it out of shape like a new magnet appearing in my magnetic field. The Other’s Look causes in me a “ haemorrhage ” whereby my world leaks away—so that in an average twenty-four hours I must suffer as many wounds as St. Sebastian. The harmless citizen on his social round is disintegrated daily into a hundred fragments ; or in Sartrean terms, his existence is solidified into a hundred “ essences ”. The Self is a characterless “ sitter ” ; but every day he must pose for a hundred camera-men. In short, he is always alone, and yet

always an "Other"; *l'Enfer c'est les Autres*—yet he is his own Hell, from which he can never escape. Sartre has progressed but one step beyond monism—and landed in an idealistic pluralism.

Sartre is the greatest philosopher of the *Outside*—of that dimension of the Self which is forever hidden from us, which even the actor can only guess at when he reads his press-notices in the cold morning. And Sartre can make us feel, very vividly, that we are all actors—in a play which we improvise as we go along, and in which no one is a privileged spectator. No one like Sartre makes us realise the shock of the perceiver being perceived—the miracle that occurs as often as our cosy "visual field" is invaded by an alien consciousness; in his godless world, the understanding Eye of Omniscience is replaced by a myriad merciless or careless eyes. This is an experience which it is necessary to face, and imaginatively to comprehend; it is no good dismissing it as exaggerated self-consciousness, for such self-consciousness is a condition of man's present mental age. We should not complain if Sartre is—judged by the highest standards—superficial, for he is haunted and tortured by the impenetrability of surfaces. *The Other* is for him that which Death is for Heidegger what the Paradox of Faith was for Kierkegaard—the necessary cross which we carry, the price of our incarnation.

(to be continued)

THE TERRIBLE BAISHT

Or Ireland must have—if not the Capital T.—at any rate a Bluebeard.

PLAY IN ONE ACT

By George Fitzmaurice

CHARACTERS (given in order of their appearance on stage)

Maura

Kate

Careful Jane

Michael Faley

Luke Dennehy

Shannessy, a butcher.

His friends the Auctioneer, etc., termed the 'Bunch.'

John Daly, a family grocer.

Hollyhocks.

The 'Student.'

Dr. Jim.

} Country-women.

} Farmers.

Scene takes place outside a public house in the afternoon of a "big fair day in the town of Barravale, when most of the buying and selling of cattle, etc., has been completed. To right of public house is a seat placed near window. This will be occupied later by Luke Dennehy. There is a cart in front of the public house near which are two empty boxes on which are seated Maura and Kate, when the curtain rises. A little further up stage is Careful Jane and her young son standing near a donkey-and-cart. Maura, furtively, takes small bottle from under shawl and hands it to Kate.

MAURA : If Hollyhocks saw us taking our little tint it's a scandal he'd be making of it. He's a holy show for remarking on women drinking.

KATE (*taking drink from little bottle which she hands back*) : And himself the biggest slugger of porter coming into Barravale though he does be running down the quality of it. (*passes box of snuff to Maura who takes a pinch*).

MAURA : You'd be in dread to take a drink at the counter on account of him or even in the "Snug" for fear he'd see you, though a warrant might want something badly on a chilly day.

KATE : Like myself to-day with my cold, and that little drop you gave me has done me a lot of good.

MAURA : I noticed you were hoarse.

KATE (*shrilly and somewhat angrily*) : Hoarse! Only hoarse! I'm twice as bad as the people think. I have a daughter below in Dublin and another daughter in a hotel in Pimlico, but I didn't write to either of them for I didn't like the people in Dublin and the people in London, and the people in the whole world to know I had that bad cough.

MAURA (*suddenly*) : Whist, is that Hollyhock tramping down on us? Thank God, no, its Shannessy the butcher.

(*Shannessy and others pass down at left of Maura and Kate*).

KATE : And glory! look at all thats with him. The auctioneer and the timber merchant, Reilly, the harness-maker, and Sugrue, the wholesale egg-buyer, Crowley, the hardware man, and Roche, the general merchant and more. All big people. 'Tis funny, but the butcher is the biggest of them now and he going for to be a T.D.

MAURA : So I hear, he's going for to be a T.D. (*sententiously*) — As you say, they are all big people, as grand as lords (*Mysteriously significantly*) But maybe I could tell you a little secret. During the day there isn't a curl out of them, but they all drink at night.

KATE (*glibly*) : I heard that, too, that they all drinks at night. There's some mystery going on now whatever it is, for I see them knocking around before, the whole bunch. I thought, maybe, there was someone belonging to them, dead.

MAURA (*promptly*) : 'Tisn't that at all, its John Daly, the family grocer, they are after. It's their story that he does be imagining things, and they have it all down on him the way they have been blackguarding the strange youth that has been living in the cave in Crowley's inch for the last three weeks.

KATE : The man they say is the divil?

MAURA : The self-same man. The "Terrible Baisht" is the nickname they put on him, all because of a woeful ould carbuncle he has on his nose; a fearsome affair. I seen it myself, and 'twould frighten you right enough.

KATE : I heard tell of it, but surely in the name of all that's good, a carbuncle wouldn't be enough to make a divil of a Christian

—that is, if he is a Christian? (*Shannessy and the others anchor themselves near a corner house*).

MAURA : Wait ! It took a week to make him a divil, after reports going of horns and hooves being seen and a smell of brimstone coming out of the cave. There was a screech by the youngsters every time he'd come out of the cave, and when he'd venture into the town they'd be after him pelting him with pebbles, and he a holy show altogether.

KATE : And is it the way they have found out now that it's not a divil he is at all, at all.

MAURA (*definitely*) : They have found out what's a lot worse for them, especially for Shannessy, the butcher, and the harm it will do and he going for to be a T.D. And 'tis John Daly, the man they have it so down on, was the first to find it out too, by the way, this very morning itself, that the man in the cave is no less than the Canon's nephew, a clerical student, trying to cure the carbuncle by the ductil dolimoo flowing down from the rocks through the woodbine and the eglantine.

KATE : And now they are after John Daly and John Daly, I suppose, going in hide from them.

MAURA : It could be. I didn't see a trace of the man either in his shop or around the streets all day. (*Foley and Dennehy emerge from pub*). Ah, here come the other pair. This is the fifth time with them going in and coming out of that pub within the last hour.

KATE : And like the bunch we have been talking about, there seems some great trouble on these men too.

MAURA (*sarcastically*) : Faith, there is *not*, only on one of them. That Michael Faley is a right sponger, and this is the fifth time he has knocked a pint out of that miserly farmer, Luke Dennehy, and he sympathising with him over his loss in a bargain. I was here a bit before you and the five shillings loss he had over a heifer has now risen to ten in his imagination.

KATE : And losing more standing pints to a sponger. Aren't men quare !

MAURA : Men are quare, but, indeed, Kate, their capers needn't be making pains for us and we having a lot worse troubles of our own. Look at Careful Jane up there. No fear she'll budge except in what concerns her own business, and people

might say she'd skin you alive for a halfpenny, but she don't care a whack whether she's called a miser or not.

KATE : Not a whack does she care. (*Hands snuff-box to Maura*).

MAURA (*handing bottle to Kate*) : On account of that cough another little tint wouldn't do you any harm. I'm spotting that Michael Faley and the way he's pointing, and I'd say it's the bunch he's pointing at.

KATE : As sure as a gun it is and he's nodding his head and making other signs too.

FALEY (*gazing at 'bunch,' suddenly and sonorously*) : ' Blow, blow, thou winter wynd, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude.' You can feel it now yourself Luke, that the poet was telling the truth, and that friend of yours, Shannessy, the man I am looking at, never to give you a hint, this morning, and he talking to you, of the Department's ruling in Leaflet No. 156 on in-calf heifers that are narrow between the hind legs.

LUKE (*bitterly*) : Never a word did I get from him about it. Ah, it's too much tasby is in him now with his wealth, and the dint of high feeding I suppose. But it's more again the Department I am than again him that didn't advertise the matter properly so that we'd all know about it, let it be a quare thing or not, and a quare thing it is or else we, farmers, that are daylin with baishts all our lives are the biggest dunces in Europe.

FALEY : Them is the very words that Daniel Tobin and Jerry Quille, two big farmers like yourself said, and they wrote two letters and put them in one envelope and sent it to the Department protesting about the contents of Layflet No. 156 and the Department replied to them.

LUKE (*sardonically*) : It's a wonder it did ; it's a wonder it wasn't too top-lofty to do it.

FALEY : It was only about two hours ago, Daniel Tobin gave it to me to read it. (*Takes letter from pocket, adjusts spectacles and reads*) : " Mr. Tobin is informed in reply to his communication of the 19th June together with Mr. Jeremiah Quille's communication of the 19th idem (*to Luke*) What's idem?

LUKE (*rancorously*) : I don't know what's idem, and I don't care what's idem.

FALEY (*continuing*) : " Together with Mr. Quille's communication of the 19th idem enclosed therewith, he is informed that the instruction contained in Leaflet No. 156 regarding the suitability or otherwise of in-calf heifers narrow between the hind legs has been given on the advice of the Department's Live Stock Inspectors who have thoroughly and experimentally examined the matter and have vouched for the suitability of straight-legged heifers to become excellent and elegant milch cows, and that the views heretofore held on this subject by dairy farmers is considered mere superstition and in fact all tommy-rot. The Messrs. Tobin and Quille are further informed that the adherence of dairy farmers to the superstition referred to has been largely responsible for the increase of ungainly and awkward-looking cows in the countryside evoking jeering remarks from bucolic visitors to our shores from foreign countries who were, naturally, intrigued by the appearance of these animals lying spread-eagle like and stretchy in the fields, of a most obnoxious deportment in their gait and movements, entirely lacking in neatness and devoid of even a scintilla of manners—a veritable menace and disgrace to the—the—a-e-s-t-h-e-t-i-c-s—to the aesthetics of bovine civilization.

LUKE (*suddenly and harshly*) : Don't read any more of it. It might be in a big important looking envelope but there is nothing in it but bosh.

FALEY (*jocularly*) : Don't be committing lazy majesty whatever else you might do.

LUKE (*determinedly*) : I don't give a tuppenny about their lazy majesty, and the whole world ruined by their fancy bulls. Like a fool I bought one of them myself for big money at the Department's Show and Sale at Ballsbridge, and the villain wouldn't look at a cow. The Inspector came right enough and started off telling me it wasn't a common bull I had now, but an aristocratic well-bred young animal that expected to be treated with a certain respect. ' With what ? ' sez I. ' I have said it,' sez he. ' Bringing your big, ugly, common-looking cows too soon on him, has frightened him,' sez he. ' And also he has got huffed,' sez he. ' But put him running with a few young heifers and he'll get all right after a bit,' sez he. ' He's shy,' sez he. ' A bull shy ! I got so stomached

that I turned around to the cows and said: 'come here, Miss Heifer,' sez I, 'till I introduce you to Mr. Bull,' sez I. 'and let yeez have a kiss,' sez I out of an old joke, of course. He went off like you'd give him a kick.

FALEY (*suavely*): It's aisy to offend big offeecial people. (*Fiddling with letter, musingly*) Leaflet No. 156.

LUKE (*sourly*): Don't read any more of it, I'm saying.

FALEY: I am not reading now, it's only talking to myself I am, and its puzzled I am by the capers of Shannessy and the bunch whatever in the world is up with them.

MAURA (*to Kate shrewdly, smiling*): We know what's up with them.

KATE (*ditto to Maura*): We know!

FALEY: If they weren't big, rich, sensible shopkeepers I'd say they were out of their minds and the running about they have, up and down and hither and thither, in and out and round about questioning, this one and that one, and prodding and nudging. Glory! they have all made a dash now and caught houl't of a fellow with a paked cap. They have let him go again having mistaken him, I suppose, for someone else.

MAURA (*slyly to Kate*): John Daly wears a paked cap.

LUKE (*grimly*): Tasby, that's what's wrong with them. Too much high living and getting money easy. Look at that butcher itself and the strutting and prancing of him. The auctioneer and the timber merchant and the wholesale egg man are now it seems only garsons compared to him.

FALEY: I hear he's thinking of becoming a T.D. By James, the bunch are making our way now. (*To Maura and Kate*) Listen to the tramping of them. (*Humorously*) Be careful, ladies, you might get tumbled over and the way they are prancing like horses.

MAURA (*gaily*): Goodness knows we are in danger, Kate, and 'tis true about that butcher: he has an awful stroke (*Enter Shannessy and 'the bunch.'*)

SHANNESSY (*cheerily*): Hello, hello, hello, this batch might know something. Careful Jane buys her tea from him and Maura and Kate buy their tea from him. (*Jocosely*) I know it isn't tea is in that little affair Maura is after shoving into her buz-zum but I'm not alluding to that.

THE BUNCH (*laughing*) : Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

SHANNESSY (*superiorily*) : I'm not alluding. I made a remark but I didn't allude. Meantime (*indicating Luke and Faley*) these two men were around town all day and if they like they can give us newses. Hello, hello, hello, I'm saying, and hear it all of you that the man we want is John Daly, that's the man we want, John Daly.

THE BUNCH : John Daly is the man we want.

SHANNESSY : They haven't all spoken at once and they haven't all spoken at all. Would you, good people, have the politeness to give us intelligence and state if you have seen John Daly ? (*short pause*). And, if you have seen him, when, where, and in what place have you seen him ? (*short pause*). Again, I am asking you, have you seen John Daly ?

LUKE (*snappishly*) : I have not seen John Daly.

MAURA AND KATE (*promptly and tartly*) : We have not seen him, no less.

SHANNESSY : Careful Jane, you have the eagle eye and you are in or about the spot he often moves in. Have you seen John Daly ?

CAREFUL JANE : I am deaf in the left air, sir.

SHANNESSY : But 'tisin't your left air as you term it, but your right air that's turned to me now. Are you deaf in that too ? (*short pause*) Nothing doing. Well, Mr. Faley, you might have some information to give me as a result of your sociable meandering around the town this particular fair day.

FALEY : I didn't see him. P. J. Shannessy, but I did think I seen a man like him up about the Square. He was a bit from me and behind a rail with bonhams in it. I would have said it was John Daly, but of course the man doesn't buy bonhams.

SHANNESSY (*superiorily*) : Well, he does buy bonhams then, and strange as it may seem to you, for the very same reason as a country farmer like yourself would buy them, namely, for the purpose of turning them into good fat saleable pigs.

THE BUNCH : He fattens them in his backyard.

THE AUCTIONEER : Now, we have him, though and his plan to be hiding behind the cart-rails pretending to be examining bonhams, for, of course, he would never admit he was hiding from us.

SHANNESSY : On to the Square, then, quick. By gannies, that

student might be nearly starting as it is. According to John Daly he is going to visit his uncle the Canon on his way to Mounteagle where himself and other students are having a beano. And wouldn't it be a scruple if we missed settling matters before the visit and lose our chances of saving our faces forenenst Canon McGrenra.

THE BUNCH : Let us make one gallop to the Square.

SHANNESSY : No, it's too public. We'll only walk as quick as we can and keep our dignity. But, before I go, a word to you, Mr. Luke Dennehy. You should recollect your manners my good man, and blame yourself for the bad bargain you made in the sale of your grey heifer. But what I want to say is that you'd have made a good bargain if you did what you thought was wrong instead of doing what you thought was right not having taken the trouble to acquaint yourself with the contents of the Department's Leaflet No. 156. A child of four would have more savvy than a supposed shrewd farmer fairing for over fifty years, making yourself a laugh and a neophyte to the clever Dublin buyers.

THE AUCTIONEER (*gleefully*) : Neophyte, that's a very good word, Shannessy.

THE BUNCH : It's a very good word.

SHANNESSY : It is a good word, but the result is that the neophyte has lost at the very least a whole pound in the sale of the grey heifer. On for the Square, boys. (*Exeunt Shannessy and Bunch forward to back*).

LUKE : A whole pound ! (*Jumping up from seat outside pub. window where he has been sitting*). In the name of God, Michael Faley, let us go and have another pint.

(*Faley and Luke go rapidly into pub. Enter John Daly slowly from right above pub. He is about 70 years of age, and has a bland and somewhat sleek appearance. A sententious little glint in his eye gives a hint that he is somewhat self-opinionated and by no means suffering from an inferiority complex. He moves slowly towards Maura and Kate giving furtive looks to the left of him*).

DALY : They'd see me from the Square. One is looking this way as it is. Well, there is no good in going too far with them I suppose, as they are set on it. We're in Ireland, and this is

Barravale (*shrugging shoulders*). But let them come along, by gad, I have my own thoughts.

MAURA AND KATE (*smilingly and admiringly*) : We bet you have, Mr. Daly. Faith, 'tis you that knows your own mind.

DALY : But what is this bould abstreperous-looking fellow—one Hollyhocks from Lyre, I'd say—making towards me for in a bee-line or in a zig-zag I should say, whilst his wind-millish gestures make me suspect he is under the influence of drink.

MAURA (*pleasantly*) : Seldom with Hollyhocks not to be that way, Mr. Daly. Strange, though, if he was as drunk as Banna Lanna, it's always by the short cut he makes for home over dykes, ditches and gripes you'd think a snipe wouldn't get over without getting a tumble.

DALY (*sententiously*) : It's wonderful are the abilities of the Irish (*somewhat nervously*) He's coming quick and my God ! how he's fixing that ugly red eye on me and the man seems to have some awful grievance.

MAURA (*shrewdly, humorously*) : He has a grievance I know, a silly thing—nothing referring to you, Mr. Daly.

DALY (*relieved*) : Upon my soul, I am glad to hear that. 'Tis enemies enough I have on hands, and here are our gentry starting to pound down from the Square. Better be civil to a wild man all the same, though. (*Hollyhocks enters from left making a loud noise with his nob-nailed boots*). Good day to you, Mr. Hollyhocks.

HOLLYHOCKS (*loudly, in a vague way, staring before him and addressing nobody in particular*) Goodday, Goodday, Goodday. 'Tisn't my first time saying it, and 'tisn't my seventy-first time saying it, and 'tisn't my last time saying it that there isn't a drop of good porter sold in this town. Except at Mary Lucy's the dacent woman that I'm going to now for a cure, and I pizened with bad stuff since morning. They do be mixing it for the bigger profit—Baymish, Murphy, and Guinness, and they make it out of hay, hay, hay. Seldom with one of them to fail, but when he does it isn't a publican but a broory goes down. You'd think you were made by it at first (*making a shape with his hands*), with that height of froth in it, but the next minute it's as flat as a doorstep and as black as the ace of spades. (*Grinning with disgust*). And

then them ugly ould bubbles rising in it, bloo bubbles, blue and black an' green. (*Goes towards right*). The country is going to the dogs. (*Takes off hat and gives it a punch*). Ah, but the devil to it and that's what I say (*Goes out jauntily at right*. Shannessy and bunch enter—unperceived by Daly—from back).

DALY (*moving towards where Hollyhocks made his exit*): He has his say.

SHANNESSY (*contemptuously*): He has his say, don't mind his say, who is he! Now, Daly, you know what we want you for to come with us to the Canon to explain how and when it all occurred, this unfortunate episode of making a butt and a show of his holy young man of a nephew. We don't want to humiliate you in any way.

THE "BUNCH": Why should we?

SHANNESSY: Your little defect is an overplus of imagination which in itself could hardly be called a defect at all being the principle part of his gift and in fact a necessity to a poet. There is no suggestion whatever that you are addicted to prevarication—quite the other way about inasmuch as you thoroughly believe everything you say, the same as you believed when you went to England during the first world war that you saw three million Russians—the advance guard of the steam-roller—at Crewe Junction, wearing large grey coats and big fur caps.

THE "BUNCH": And he made us all believe it, too. the same as he has just done about the Terrible Baisht.

SHANNESSY: It's a tablature that forms in your mind, Daly, caused by some unusual occurrence or your re-action to something peculiarly obnoxious or ugly such as in the present case that highly unpleasant carbuncle that the Canon's nephew has on his nose. But, while agitated in this way, you live, move and have your being almost entirely within the framework of the said tablature.

THE "BUNCH" (*enthusiastically*): That's another first-class word, Shannessy; first class, P.J.

THE AUCTIONEER: It's better than first-class, for it hits the nail on the head as far as John Daly is concerned.

SHANNESSY: We have no time to lose. The student has left his cave and has his pony-and-trap tackled. They say he is

furious and savage—no wonder—and if we haven't an explanation made to the Canon before he visits him on his way to the beano himself and other students are having at Mount Eagle, and tells him how he was jeered at and chased and villified by all of us and stoned by the children, it might mean a great tragedy to some of us in this town, and we may never be able to set things right again.

THE "BUNCH": Daly will do the right thing, Shannessy.

SHANNESSY (*to Daly*): We might go to the Canon and by accusing you endeavour to excuse ourselves. We don't want to do that whether it would succeed or no or whether as you might think—judging by your ould smile—that the occasion might only rise the dander in our sometime irascible Canon pinching him to set the dogs on us. It is admitted, however, that that might happen also.

THE "BUNCH": It's admitted. We all admit it, Daly.

SHANNESSY: But, by coming with us and making a clean breast of it about that carbuncle getting on your nerves expressing yourself, of course, with due diplomacy and respect with a nice suitable apologetic gravity, I can see the Canon becoming gradually mollified and indeed intrigued. He might have a bit of a temper, but he has also a very subtle sense of humour, and your admission, Daly, will *ipso facto* cause the matter to immediately disengage itself from its macabre and lurid complications, and bring it down to the plane of the comic.

THE "BUNCH": Bring it down to the plane of the comic.

SHANNESSY: Result, a cough and a couple of questions, and the interview will end in a good rollicking hearty laugh all round.

THE "BUNCH": A good rollicking, hearty laugh all round.

DALY (*grimly*): It's quite plain—a good rollicking, hearty laugh all round—at me.

SHANNESSY (*sharply*): I don't like that, Daly. You needn't forget that when you started business here thirty or forty years ago, you came as a stranger to us from an outlandish place that's neither in Limerick nor Kerry, and in its own county Cork is beyond the corn line, a woebegone no man's land of a spot notwithstanding its being only ten miles or so away, is as foreign as Kamskatchka to the natives of this town.

DALY (*lightly*): More foreign maybe though not so far.

SHANNESSY (*sternly*) : It is no sacrifice we are asking of you at all, John Daly, and your funning us is out of place. On the other hand to do the right thing will be accounted to you an act of good citizenship and of loyalty to the respectable merchants of this town, and it will metamorphose you so to speak, thenceforward, and *ipso facto*, into as good a native as any native in it.

THE "BUNCH" (*enthusiastically*) : Better, Shannessy, he will become more of a Barravalian than the Barravilians themselves.

DALY : 'Tis now I'm getting proud ; I'm beginning to feel as big as John Bull himself.

SHANNESSY (*testily*) : And you ought to feel big, and you ought to feel proud at the good treatment you got from the natives of this town. For, that is what has brought you, John Daly, to the state of prosperity you are now in, and was the origin of it namely, their good will.

DALY : Go on with you ! It's my honest dealing across the counter did it, and the whole county swearing by my tea.

MAURA (*clapping hands, gleefully*) : Every right they have, Mr. Daly—dear, but good.

KATE (*ditto*) : Good, but dear.

DALY (*to Kate*) : Thanks, ma'am ; you mean the same thing as Maura, though you don't say it the same way.

SHANNESSY (*sneeringly*) : Women's compliments rising the pride in you, is it ? and only a strange notion pinching them that old as you are, you are a kind of gay or something, same as they think there is more game in them they are always after, a scamp or a soldier.

DALY (*scoffingly*) : Maura and Kate and their like ! They wouldn't give you a measure of my tay for all the hoozars that ever pounded down Piccadilly, or all the Grenadiers that ever sup-chummed in the pubs in Leicester Square.

MAURA AND KATE (*clapping hands, delightedly*) : Hear, hear, Mr. Daly.

SHANNESSY : Time is slipping, this will never do. Now, Daly, let me repeat to you the gist of what you will say to the Canon and let us be off, that the whole thing commenced on the 14th June when you, in the throes of your tablature, rushed into Mr. Horgan's forge at the hour of twelve o'clock

noon, and frightened the wits out of all and sundry with your tale of a terrible baisht in the cave, dwelling more particularly on the sinister implications of the monstrous carbuncle the baisht had on its nose. Later on, we heard from you about the tips of horns bobbing in and out of the cave, the fume of sulphur, and the aroma of brimstone emanating therefrom. 'Twill be only like the pulling of a tooth; you'll be a lot happier man after getting it off your chest plus having earned the plaudits of the public.

DALY : 'Tis, indeed, plain and simple. I become a policeman and arrest myself and take myself to court and make a severe charge against myself. I become a Counsel and prosecute myself and make no defence but plead guilty, my Lord, like a bird. I become the Judge and sentence myself to death, march off with myself, become a hangman, and hang myself all in one go.

SHANNESSY (*menacingly*) : So this is what it means. This is what it means, then, Daly, that it is your real intention to remain intransigent and obstreperous?

DALY (*promptly*) : I remain what I am and what I always was, I hope, a decent Christian that had neither hand, act or part, in the blackguarding of the Canon's nephew; I never chased him or pelted stones at him. I wouldn't do it to a dog. But, all of you here did it out of the sheer malevolence that's in your gizzards and with loud cheers and laughter; and now you want me to blame myself and shame myself as the instigator of your carrying-on and to make myself out, I, an inoffensive person to be as cruel as a cannibal and as callous as a Chineese.

SHANNESSY (*in shocked, angry tones*) : Oh, Lord God above!

THE AUCTIONEER : Shall I cuff him, Shannessy? Say the word Shannessy, and cuff him I will.

THE " BUNCH " : We'll all cuff him.

DALY (*pugnaciously*) : Try it then and see who'll get cuffed first. A whistle will bring the Guards. It's from me they buy their tay.

SHANNESSY (*menacingly*) : Only for I respect your age——

DALY (*with a laugh*) : The very thing a half-gent like yourself said to me about a week ago on a slack evening in a pub in Dublin. ' Take this seat, old timer,' sez he, ' I have a respect

for age.' It gave him no trouble, for I could plainly see he was tired from sitting down. The next evening the pub was packed, but the half-gent made no effort to give me, aged or not, a chance to get near the counter. And indeed 'tisnt alone him but the whole issue would not shift the one-thirtieth part of an inch even to facilitate the Almighty God himself if he came down from heaven and his throat cracking for a pint.

SHANNESSEY : He is talking like an infidel now looking for notoriety. But don't mind him any longer, boys. Let us do what we thought of doing at first and show by a right gesture that what wrong we did was done in our innocence, and we the victims of a foreign man's hallucinations. Fools we were to bother with him at all, and it not in the power of soot to put reason into a thing with a kink.

THE "BUNCH" : A kink ! That's right, Shannessy, there's no herb that will cure a kink. (*Shouting as they all disappear by back stage*). John Daly, the man with the kink !

MAURA : As sure as a gun, Mr. Daly, it's presents they are going for to bring to the student.

DALY : It is presents. Rushing like mad they are for fear they'd miss him for here he is coming now and nice and easy he's taking it leading his pony and trap. I see he has tied the pony to a post. (*Enter 'student' from left*). Good morrow, kindly, young man.

"STUDENT" : Good morrow, kindly, to you, sir.

DALY (*going to student, jovially*) : What sirring have you on me. I'm plain John Daly, the family grocer. You don't know about me, but (*mysteriously, speaking so as not to be heard by Careful Jane*) maybe I know about you more than they all know who think you a clerical ; but it is above in Dublin you are attending the Meath hospital and a medical student of course.

"STUDENT" (*agape*) : A which !

DALY (*slyly*) : Ah, you'd like to be pulling my leg, young Mr. McGrenra, but I bet it's you do be enjoying yourself with the Dolly Mops around Stephen's Green, and though your people are rich, it's a habit with medicals to be short in the pocket-money ; but John Daly likes to see young people enjoying themselves. I wouldn't give a fig for the man that hadn't

a bit of skirt in the day of his youth—and you'll please me greatly by taking this—no compliment—it's nothing at all. (*Hands note to 'Student'.*)

“STUDENT”: Nothing at all! A ten-pound note nothing at all! Oh, Mr. Daly, this is too much.

DALY: Is it Mr. Daly with you again! Anyway, young man, you won't believe them you see now rushing this way, with their lies and their slanders, and that you will believe it from me that I hadn't a tittle of connection with the black-guarding carried out against you in this town.

“STUDENT”: I do believe it, Mr. Daly. (*Enter Shannessy and the others.*) Gentlemen, allow me to state that John Daly is my greatest friend, and furthermore, that he is the most generous man I have ever met.

THE “BUNCH”: We're all as generous as him.

SHANNESSY: I have put the leg of mutton, the only one I had left in your pony trap. It will make a nice roast for the Beano.

THE HARNESS-MAKER: I have put a new set of harness on your pony. It fits him as if it was made for him. The man I made it for won't mind when he knows I gave it to the Canon's nephew.

AUCTIONEER: There's two 5-star bottles of Sandeman under the seat.' Tisn't everywhere you'd get Sandeman's five-star. I've put a pint bottle as well of the real stuff (*slyly to 'Student'*) chin, chin!

“STUDENT” (*gaily*): Chin, chin, auctioneer, chin, chin!

THE BAKER: The barm-bracks won't do you any harm either. There's plenty of butter in the making of them and they *are* good.

THE HARDWARE MERCHANT: Being a hardware merchant I hadn't anything suitable, but the wife knowing you were a nephew of the Canon and the makings of a priest, offered a suggestion; women are great at making suggestions in a time of crisis (*takes watch from pocket and hands it to 'Student'*) and this is the suggestion, a gold watch guaranteed for ten years.

CAREFUL JANE (*who has gone out at left, re-entering*): I have left apples for the beano in your trap. After the roast and boil and all, there's nothing to beat an apple-pie (*goes to son*).

BOY (*tearfully*) : My apples !

CAREFUL JANE : Behave, and don't bother me. A student, the Canon's nephew, and the man blackguarded.

MAURA (*with disdain*) : Careful Jane itself—well glory be !

KATE (*ditto*) : Glory be to the Man above—Careful Jane !

“STUDENT” : I am overwhelmed, and indeed I am overjoyed for now I see you are all my friends. But I'd like you also to be friends with Mr. Daly. I knew an ould schoolmaster once who wanted something like that, but he put it in Latin.

SHANNESY : As if you couldn't put it in Latin yourself. Ha ! ha ! ha !

THE “BUNCH” : You have a barrellful of Latin as sure as a gun. Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

“STUDENT” : Vis Unita fortior. That was it. I wish I could translate it.

THE “BUNCH” : It's coddling us you are now, sir. But it's all right as regards Daly, we're all friends now. And we all hope you'll enjoy the beano.

“STUDENT” : Enjoy the beano ! Faith, I will, for I'm as gay as gay can be, and I'm glad to see forenenst me men just as gay as me. I've tried to make a rhyme, but lacking your special gift, all that I can make is a plain ould bogdale shift.

THE “BUNCH” (*gaily*) : Faith, 'tis you that can rhyme, if you like, sir.

“STUDENT” : Alas, I am no poet as me poor ould mother said, the self-same day me poor ould father broke a bottle on her head. But, rhyming is all moonshine as no doubt you plainly see, but you do get a bit of sense in it just occasionally. And if you listen to me now I'll just give you a bit what hairy poet could beat it namely, and to wit :—

That a man who wants to be a toff,

Will learn it quick that game of goff.

“THE BUNCH” (*as 'student' moves towards left, gleefully*) : Cheers for him, he's great !

“STUDENT” : I'm off, all pleasant faces do I see, and 'tis, indeed, a happy day for me. Something I'll say before I go, but without undue solemnity. (*Relapsing into prose*) I'm referring to the matter of my nose. I'm not excusing it, that carbuncle—what's seen can't be excused. There's many a man has no carbuncle on his nose, but a few have, but I'd like to add that

among the many that have no carbuncle on the nose there might be an odd one here and there who, if he has no carbuncle on his nose itself, might have a carbuncle in a more curious, more secret, and more dangerous place. (*Exit amid great cheering and clapping of hands. Enter from lower left, Dr. Jim*).

THE CROWD : Dr. Jim ! Dr. Jim !

DR. JIM : Dr. Jim, Dr. Jim. What's the flutter, what's the surprise ; or is it anything you are after doing out of the way ?

SHANNESSY (*showing signs of nervousness*) : We—the Canon's nephew——

DR. JIM (*brusquely*) : The Canon's nephew and the Canon himself are coming to me to dinner to-night. By the way that leg of mutton I ordered from you for their dinner hasn't arrived yet.

SHANNESSY (*confused*) : Didn't I give it to the Canon's nephew ?

DR. JIM : The nephew hasn't arrived from Limerick yet, so you couldn't have given it to him. I saw a tinker galloping off just now and it certainly looked like a leg of mutton he had in his trap.

SHANNESSY (*appalled*) : A tinker !

DR. JIM : The tinker who has been in that cave for the last three weeks. I don't know where he kept that pony and trap. But I do know that he has relieved me of three pullets according to my housekeeper, and also that it was no fox took Mrs. Doolen's ducks but the very same tinker. If you had kept your eyes open you would have seen not horns and hooves, but feathers about the cave.

SHANNESSY (*utterly shocked*) : My God !

DR. JIM (*to Daly*) : By the way, Mr. Daly, I'd like to get some information from you about that new cure of yours for carbuncles that you have named the ductil dolimoo. I suppose it is a new cure, for there is no reference to it in the British Pharmacopœia. I doubt, however, whether the application of it in this instance was quite suitable for the protuberance on the tinker's nose is not a carbuncle at all but a polypus. The usual place to get a carbuncle is on the neck. (*Goes out rapidly to right smiling to himself*).

BOY (*suddenly and savagely*) : All my apples gone to a tinker after all the trouble I had in making the price of them—up

the whole night copying out in my best copper-plate handwriting the Joke from "The St. Louis Democrat" that I got ten shillings for from the "Cork Weekly Examiner."

CAREFUL JANE (*taking him by hand and pulling him across stage to left, rancorously*): Didn't I tell you I'd get other apples for you instead of them. Children are a bother, and my heart is broke from you, and I don't know what are we having them for at all, at all. (*Exit with child*).

MAURA (*shaking head, humorously*): Oh, wisha, wisha!

KATE (*ditto*): Oh, wisha, wisha!

SHANNESSY (*suddenly to 'Bunch'*): You are all looking at me.

THE "BUNCH": We are all looking at you. It's your face, Shannessy, it's livid or whitish or something.

SHANNESSY (*darkly*): It's livid or whitish or something, and I'll tell it to you straight—the truth—and the truth is that if there is one man in Ireland this minute fully determined to commit suicide on himself, I'm that man.

THE "BUNCH": Oh, horror, Shannessy, you'd never think of doing the like.

SHANNESSY: I'm fixed on it. The only thing though is that the Missioners are coming next week and before I do it for certain I'll hear what they say. But I'm fixed on it. There is nothing else left for me to do after the insulting way that Dr. Jim spoke to me.

THE "BUNCH" (*laughing*): Only that little thing to make you commit suicide on yourself! You must be going mad, Shannessy, and it not the loss of the T.D.ship is pinching you.

SHANNESSY (*sadly*): I can understand you. You are the smartest people in Europe in visually penetrating the epidermis up to a certain point, but when you go beyond that point your conclusions are always wrong. You know well that the loss of the T.D.ship as well as the loss of the leg of mutton is pinching me. But you don't know, and nobody else knows, and I wouldn't tell it now but for things coming to a finish, that I am the one lineal descendant left of the O'Connor—Kerry, whose castle a Lick is still standing on the river Shannon between Ardee and BallyB. Like the sin against the Holy Ghost there is no forgiveness for a social insult. But the time is gone by when I could call out that doctor Jim to a duel. Ergo, I have to commit suicide on myself.

"BUNCH" (*as they and Shannessy move towards top-right*): Nonsense, Shannessy; put it out of your head we say, and don't let us hear one word more from you about suicide.

SHANNESSY (*turning towards 'Bunch,' with great dignity*): I said I'd postpone it; I said I'd postpone it. (*Exeunt Shannessy and 'Bunch' by top-right*).

DALY (*reflectively*): The terrible baisht! The ductil dolimoo! The beano at Mount Eagle! I must surely be some sort of a poet and to have all that come into my head. But, sez you, what started the last funny notion that came to me in a hop that the tinker was a medical student?

MAURA (*gaily*): And that coming last you'll never find out how it came Mr. Daly. It came on you spontaneous like. But by pondering and probing you might get some intelligence of how the first curious thoughts got the better of you.

DALY (*pretending to cogitate*): I'm thinking you're right, its a great head you have, and upon my soul I don't know but it is better woman than Vic. you'd turnout if they made you Queen of Ireland.

MAURA: It's good to see you taking it so pleasantly, Mr. Daly.

DALY: Doesn't it make me take things easy that there (*indicating Luke*), of a common or garden country farmer, whose loss over his bargain is as bitter on him as any loss we had over the tinker, never thinking of suicide or nothing, but consoling himself with drinking pints of porter.

MAURA (*meaningly*): And paying for all of it, Mr. Daly.

DALY (*ignoring interruption*): It starts me reflecting on the vagaries of humanity and the shortness of our days. Psh! what do I care this minute about ambition, cleverness, success in life, money making—this man sounds the depths in me, a new inspiration to surge up in me and, let the wife say what she likes, by gannies, I'll go and have a couple of good balls of malt for myself. (*Exit at right back*).

LUKE (*who is sitting on seat in a sour way*): Soft talk and nothing else; 'tisin't asking us to go with him, he is.

FALEY (*standing outside door of pub*): Them shopkeepers have their own cronies, and 'tisin't the like of us would suit him. (*Insinuatingly*) Don't bother about him, we can have our chat, and if he talks fine itself I don't know but I could suggest to him a little addition to his philosophising. I could tell

him, anyway, that a poor man, sane, is as good as a lord gone mad.

LUKE (*opening purse and examining contents*): I have nothing smaller than a five-pound note—my woman—'twouldn't be right to change it in the heel of the day.

FALEY (*genially, amusedly*): 'Twould be a scandal in fact and your wife would be right, and you have had enough. All the same I'd stand to you but I've only the price of one pint left to help me make the height of Glounasroane which I'll make the minute I have that pint. I'll be seeing you. (*Goes into pub*).

MAURA: The shameless sponger! with plenty of money in his pocket and all.

KATE: They say he takes most of it home to the wife then, big and all as the tooth is that he has for porter. And don't the people be saying that to know all is to forgive all.

MAURA (*shrugging shoulders contemptuously*): The people do be saying a lot of quare things. (*Rising*) But let us be making for home for ourselves. Let Hollyhocks pass us out though, for here he come zig-zagging along for himself. (*Enter Hollyhocks from right*).

HOLLYHOCKS (*loudly, talking to no one in particular, as before*): I never got such a suck-in in my life, and glory to goodness I am as sure as sure could be. No wonder I'd be disappointed after all the bad porter I had during the day and certain of getting a cure at Maryanne Lucey's. The froth on it was different from that on the others I had—a kind of crame-coloured and solid as I thought (*mysteriously and significantly as I thought*). Very well. A man came in the door, going to the back; I turned to look at him, and when I turned around again, I declare to my God what had I before me but a big pint glassful of what looked like horrid, dirty sink—the froth gone complete. Of course I drank it—'tisin't a fool I'd be to leave a pint of porter after me after paying my wan-and-thruppence for it and the same ould bubbles did rise in it. (*Loudly and ferociously turning towards auditorium, brandishing fist*). Bloo bobbles bloo, and black and green. The country is going to the dogs. Ah, but the devil to it and that's what I say. (*Takes off hat, kicks it before him and marches out by left*).

LUKE (*who has been hitting the ground viciously with stick, suddenly and determinedly as he looks at five-pound note*) : Be the holy God above me, I will change it. (*Jumping up, looking in the direction Hollyhocks has gone out*) Michael Faley !

MAURA (*promptly*) : 'Tisn't Michael Faley you see at all, but you half-blind from trouble and porter. Be coming home with us and have some sense like a good man, Luke Dennehy.

LUKE (*viciously*) : Go on and be damned to you ; 'tisn't you but Michael Faley I want.

MAURA (*sharply, going towards left*) : That's how our dignity is respected. Come on, Kate Toomey.

KATE (*loftly*) : That's how our dignity is respected. (*Exeunt Maura and Kate by left*).

LUKE (*moving towards left, shading eyes from sun with hands, calling plaintively*) : Michael Fay-lee ! Michael Fay-lee !

FALEY (*emerging rapidly from pub, goes and puts hand on Luke turning him towards pub*) : Here I am, my poor man, my poor man.

LUKE (*emotionally, as they go towards pub*) : Michael Faley, I lost two pounds ten extra by not holding tough in the grey. (*They enter pub, Luke first, Faley turning head around laughing softly to himself, sticking out tongue and kicking back heel of boot*).

FINIS.

MR. T. S. ELIOT'S MISSION

By John Eglinton

A REMARKABLE indication of the character of the present age is to be found when we compare, as exhibited in literature, its creative with its critical energies. Poetry, in its "progress", appears almost to have deserted Albion's sea-encircled coast; but it is otherwise with criticism, in which the modern mind seems to find its natural activity. This is no doubt the natural response of the modern mind to the new and unexampled accessibility of the world's literature, which now lies open as never before. Ours is not an age of belief, but, as well as we can, we judge; and we have specialists for every age and every author. Matthew Arnold was right when he said that the main modern effort is a critical effort. He even went so far as to say that poetry itself is "a criticism of life"—a phrase which intensely irritated the poet Yeats. It is indeed something of an oxymoron, and would not have had much meaning for any other age than ours.

Criticism means judgment, and perhaps Arnold only meant that poets are the best judges of what is good or bad, beautiful or ugly in life; and Yeats would probably have accepted this, even in the days when he used to quote with relish the saying of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, "As for living, our servants will do that for us". In any case, Arnold's phrase is a vague one: on a par perhaps with Shelley's assertion that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world". On the other hand, a notable literary activity in recent years has been the criticism of poetry itself; and it was not an insignificant happening that in 1915 a young American writer, Mr. T. S. Eliot, established himself in England as a British citizen, and, apparently with the conviction that he had a special mission to do so, devoted himself to the criticism of English poetry. "From time to time", he has written, "every hundred years or so, it is desirable that some critic shall appear to review the past of our literature, and set the poets and the poems in a new order. This task is not one of revolution but of readjustment". And his mission has been an

amazing success. In the soft-voiced insinuating prose of his essays and lectures he has imposed his authority on the leading literary reviews and college dons ; and never surely, since the days of Ben Jonson, have so many youthful poets crowded round their master, eager to be of his " tribe ". Moreover, aloof though he keeps from the profane crowd, combining as he does with a serious and thoughtful scholarship a gift for entertainment in his plays, he has pleased even the crowd.

Although Mr. Eliot disclaims anything revolutionary in his intentions, the kind of poetry produced under his influence, or which he himself produces, is very different from what we have hitherto been accustomed to call poetry ; and it looks now as if we have bidden a long farewell to the poetry of which perhaps the most famous compilation is still Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. In much of this new poetry, it must be said, we older people find neither beauty nor meaning. No, it is not in poetry that the present age excels, but in criticism of our own and of the world's literature, and we might even extend its field to that of " life " itself. And the most suggestive criticism in recent years of English literature has been that of Mr. Eliot. He has read everything, and applied to everything a searching judgment ; and yet though he has made English literature his own, he has not quite " gone native ", and his appreciations of English authors have not the loyalty and zest of a Hazlitt or a Saintsbury. He thinks little, for instance, of Coleridge, and he even presumes to call Matthew Arnold a Philistine. His true loyalty is to European literature, and when he praises Shakespeare or Tennyson it is in a slightly different tone from that in which he speaks of Dante or Baudelaire. Perhaps the main purport of his criticism of English literature is to be found in his treatment of Milton. He does not like the man or his work ; and though in an essay which is a kind of retraction of an earlier disparagement, he pays a tribute to Milton as " the greatest master in our language of freedom within form ", he still regards the period of Milton's supremacy as one in which English poetry lost its continuity with the deep thought of certain of the earlier poets and became mainly a poetry of description and sentiment. Of the dramatists of Shakespeare's age he writes : " In Chapman especially there is a direct sensuous apprehension of thought, or a recreation of thought into feeling, which is exactly what we find in Donne ".

"It is interesting to speculate whether it is not a misfortune that two of the greatest masters of diction in our language, Milton and Dryden, thought with a dazzling disregard of the soul. If we continued to produce Miltons and Drydens it might not so much matter, but as things are it is a pity that English poetry has remained so incomplete. Those who object to the artificiality of Milton or Dryden sometimes tell us to 'look into our hearts and write'. But that is not looking deep enough; Racine or Donne looked into a good deal more than the heart. One must look into the cerebral cortex, the nervous system, and the digestive tracts". This might be read as an anticipatory defence of the diction adopted by most of our present day versifiers, for which Mr. Eliot is at least as much responsible as was Milton for the abuse of "poetic diction". And as we read Donne or Herbert do we not feel that a new master of language was what was wanted in English poetry? Would we not even feel more at home in *The Waste Land* if there were a few traces of poetic diction left to remind us of old times?

It should be remembered that English poetry, spontaneously and creatively, had long ago freed itself from this well-meaning vice: for example, in the lyrics of Blake, no less clear and pure than Shakespeare's; and a little later the whole subject of poetic diction was tackled by a poet who adored Milton.

In a beautiful passage in *Paradise Lost* Milton tells how his verses were "brought nightly to his ear"; and Goethe, a poet not much in favour with Mr. Eliot or his disciples, attributed all that was best in his poetry to the same source of "inspiration". For Mr. Eliot inspiration is a will-o'-the-wisp. A poem for him is a vehicle for the expression of something which the poet wishes to say, and is to be judged as a poem by the importance of what is said and by the way in which it is said. We must dismiss from our minds therefore our old notion of the poet in the act of composition, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, and think rather of an intelligence cool as that of a scientist in his laboratory; the poet's laboratory being the whole body of the language which has come down to him. The primary poets, Dante or Shakespeare, whose material is a language which has reached maturity, have had the great advantage of being able to use the whole of the language, and in this respect they furnish an example and challenge to their successors. A national literature in its development rises

(or falls) on the tide of its language, and at any period the poet has at his disposal the whole body of words in common use. There are ill-bred words, of course, such as *television*. In general, the poet should listen to the best conversation, which is closely akin to the best literature. Coleridge gave much the same advice to writers when he said that language is at its best in the talk of cultivated women. We may doubt whether Coleridge at his best, or any other poet, ever sought his diction in the salon, though this may be the proper school for prose drama, particularly comedy, of which Mr. Eliot is a close student. We read him always with respect and admiration, but we gradually begin to feel that he and the professors who delight in his doctrines, in their exclusive attention to what a poet *says*, and how he says it, leave out of account an essential element in all poetry. There is something in his general teaching which reminds us inevitably of the great division in Christendom between authority and private judgment. We feel this in all his literary preferences: the one poet who has his complete reverence is Dante; he seems to dislike Goethe, and is disposed to ignore such minor poets as Shelley. Mr. Eliot is an authoritarian; the English poets are one and all believers in private judgment, i.e. in inspiration. He does not quite call them heretics, but he certainly seems to believe that they might have done better under a stricter discipline. Instead of that they have followed their own illuminations on the purpose and practice of poetry: Shakespeare with his "Give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name". Milton with his requirement of poetry that it should be "simple, sensuous, passionate"; or Wordsworth with his "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge".

Mr. Eliot has eulogised the lyrical mastery of Tennyson, and this is the more remarkable because he himself, as a poet, seems so extraordinarily indifferent to melody in verse, or to the metrical expression of emotion. Yet he has described how, in his own experience in writing verse, "a particular rhythm may bring to birth the idea and the image"; thus seeming to recognise a kind of "pre-established harmony" between rhythm and theme. There is probably a greater variety of possible metres in the English language than in others, owing to its composite origins, and so long as poetry is written in it there is probably a metre for every poem. It seems regrettable therefore—especially

in view of Mr. Eliot's praise of Tennyson's lyrics—that under his influence a kind of opprobrium should be thrown, as at present, on poems composed in “traditional” metres, and that this should have cast into the shade some remarkable poems written in measures familiar to our ears: for example, the vigorous octosyllabics of Masefield's *Reynard the Fox*, with its fine chaucerian flavour. We certainly tire of too much of one metre—but fancy the Greeks giving up the hexameter because they had “exhausted” it! They did in fact give it up, but only when the poetic impulse had begun to desert them.

Mr. Eliot's intellectual range is so wide, and whatever he writes so well worth reading, that we fix our attention when he seems to imply that there has come into being a “modern” poetry which has superseded the “traditional.” A saying of AE, with quite a contrary implication, springs up in my memory to the effect that all great poetry seems written by the same poet: a rather wild assertion perhaps, but is not Mr. Eliot's—no one could call any statement of his “wild”—shall we say authoritarian. For is there really such a change in the nature of poetry or in our relation to it? Mr. Eliot himself is famous as a poet, or, as he likes to call himself, a “practitioner” in poetry, and I have more than once applied myself to the study of his most considerable composition so far, his *Four Quartets*, without, I must confess, achieving any satisfying comprehension of it. This, however, should not be against it as poetry, its difficulty being part of the poet's intention. He has even likened readers who require a meaning in poetry to those of us who “provide the imaginary burglar with a nice bit of meat for the house-dog”. But is there not some inconsistency here with an earlier assertion that a poem is essentially a medium for conveying something that the poet wishes to “say”? In any case, what the poet has to communicate is not merely something he has to say but how he feels about what he says. He may even feel that what he has to communicate may make the world seem a different place. However we regard the mood of exaltation in which true poetry is produced—“a divine madness” or “inspiration”—it is surely, we would like to believe, one of more than normal clarity, with an impulse to utter what George Herbert called “something understood”.

THE OPENING OF "THE FLYING SWANS"

By Padraic Colum.

TIME, place and person, our ancient storytellers rule, have to be indicated in the opening of a narrative. The time is as far back as any of us who have survived two generations can remember. The place is Dooard, a town like a hundred other market towns in Ireland. The person is Ulick O'Rehill, six years of age, a Milesian and the son of a Milesian as his genealogically-minded paternal relatives would say. The boy was with his mother.

Dooard, like other market-towns, is unformed and dishevelled. On this day pigs were grunting and grunting in its street. A sow screamed. Men were driving pigs to mix with other pigs and shouting 'hurrish, hurrish', 'hurrish', or waving sticks, or spitting on hands that were to be struck on hands in a bargain. Before they crossed the street his mother (Saba was her name) helped Ulick to read what was on a board. "For every Horse, Gelding, or Mare the sum of Fourpence. Colt, Filly, Mule or Ass, Threepence. Calf (except sucking Calf), or Pig, One Penny, for every Sheep, One Halfpenny". All the words were easy to him; soon he would be able to read all words. By the time his father came back, he said. His mother smiled, and there was crookedness in her smile that made him know she was mournful. In her fleecy dress, her blue parasol above her, she was very unlike the people of Dooard, her son thought.

An old woman came over and peered under the parasol. Her feet were bare and dusty, her hair was tangled and fell over her eyes, and her face was full of grudges. "O'Breasal the Herd's daughter," she said, "and look at her now in her grandeur!" She said them as if they were the only words she would say in the town that day. "O'Breasal the Herd's daughter and look at her now!" Who was the old woman? Could she do anything against them? Bad things were happening and she might have another bad thing to say or do against them. But she went her

way and did not look back. Thereafter Ulick was off the street for a while, for his mother brought him into an inn where he would eat his dinner while she attended to something else.

The appealing melody came from someone fiddling in the street, and the elderly man who had been at the window listening to it turned to Saba as she came into his office. *Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?*

"You should tell me to go to Moylough," Saba said after they had talked for a while. "All my child's fathers' generations were there."

"You know how it is in Moylough?"

"No one has to tell me how they feel about me in Moylough, though they ought to do me the justice to own that it was not me that pulled Robert O'Rehill down."

"It's a little world to itself, Moylough." The old friendly man was even graver than before. He was Clerk of the Sessions; to Saba he was 'The Councillor'; by name he was Stephen O'Mulry. In far off Gaelic days his family served the O'Rehills as their law-officers. Whenever she came to Dooard after her marriage with Robert O'Rehill, Saba would visit his office; she would sit at a table practising handwriting or finding the meaning of words in a dictionary, or listening while he talked of the Family of Moylough as the people around designated the O'Rehills.

He spoke to her about her father's, Breasal O'Breasal's house, reminding her it was decided she should go there with her son. Her expressive face showed him that she had some longing that prevented her from being reconciled to this.

They talked then about certain actualities. "Now I'm going back to The Abbey for the last time," Saba told the Councillor, "to the house that Robert brought me to. Robert's brother is coming from Moylough for me to-morrow."

"May God be with you!"

"And Saint Joseph. I always had a great devotion to Saint Joseph." She stood and looked around the place. So many things it held which she had always seen with some liberating sense: there they were, a high desk, a wide table, a row of books, and, giving humanity to them all, this lonely, cordial, helpful man.

And he, as he walked about the office and looked out on the street she went on, was not a hopeful man. He could make no

gift that would help her : through his striving to repair a folly of his youth he had no resources. How lonely he would be when she was gone from his vicinity ! No one in whom he had an interest would come into this bare office, sit down at the broad table, watch him at his high desk and notice how he drew his pen firmly along the ruler, and, rolling it down, draw lines again. The young women who had responded so eagerly to what he could teach after this would be gone, and he, an ageing man, would have the penning of judgments he had not given, of pleas he had not made. *Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded ?* How bereft of companionship and pleasure was the world she was going into !

Dooard was not ancient as a town, but it was ancient as a site. Where it straggled out there was a sculptured cross with worn carvings named Tiernan's Cross for a remote member of the O'Rehill family ; a segment of the circle was broken. And humped above the town was a grassy mound from Pagan times, a stone-crowned mound that gave its name to the place : Dooard, High Tumulus.

It was to this mound that Ulick O'Rehill, his dinner eaten, was looking when the young man he waited for came along. Sylvester was his name. He had worked in The Abbey long, long ago, before he, Ulick, was born. Now with this companion Ulick took in the sights of the market-town.

Pigs were still on the street and men were still shouting to them—' hurrish ', ' hurrish ', ' hurrish '. Rain came on ; drops of rain were dripping from the hats of the men standing round the pigs and naming their price in shillings. " And if he gets a clean shave, won't he be as good as any of them ? " " Let your pig speak for himself." All day they would be talking like that.

As they moved into the Market-square Ulick saw something that held him. Resting on its shafts was a cart painted so red that he thought he could warm himself at it as at a fire. The man who made it had brought it here to sell : Sylvester told Ulick he would get a great price for it—as much as ten pounds. A wonderful piece of work it was with its long, straight shafts, its big, iron-shod, blue-rimmed wheels, its strong body—Ulick could see that. Beside the cart were wheel-barrows painted red and blue.

As he stood admiringly there, he saw two men approach : the moment he saw them he knew they were there to examine

the cart and wheel-barrows. Now this is how the two looked to him: they were old; one was reel-footed and the other was hump-backed; they both carried sticks, but while the stick the reel-footed man held was straight and smooth, the hump-back's had many bends on it. The hump on the back of one seemed to draw him backward while the bend in the other's leg seemed to throw him forward. So they came to where the cart and wheel-barrows were, discoursing earnestly. They examined them, insides and outsides; their sharp eyes went over the boards, the shafts, the bolts; they tapped the barrows and the cart with their sticks. Ulick knew that if there was an inch of bad workmanship they would say something that would make every man in the Market-square ashamed for the makers of the cart and the barrows. They found nothing but what was good in them and they went away discoursing on the mysteries of carpentering: Ulick knew that he had looked on two master-craftsmen judging pieces of workmanship. Then they went to where his mother would meet them. Sylvester's cart was there.

Where they waited was outside Dooard. Sylvester's cart was beside a triangular patch of grass; feathers and bits of string, grey and red string, grey and black feathers were on the grass; women came here to sell their poultry to passing fowl-buyers.

In her white, fleecy dress, with her hat with flowers, her parasol no longer over her head, but held as something light, Ulick's mother came along by a green hedgerow. "And you're still a bachelor, I'm told," she said to Sylvester. "Wait till you see the handsome girl I'll get for you!" They got into the cart as she said this and started for The Abbey.

They had passed the first wayside house before anyone said any more. "You can read, can't you, ma'am? Hand writing, I mean?" Sylvester said. "Why, of course I can, Sylvester." He took a paper out of his pocket and handed it to Ulick's mother. "Something that a girl wrote to you, I'll engage. I wouldn't be the least surprised if it was from Roseanne." "Not from any girl at all, ma'am." And Sylvester having said this sat with his head bent; his horse jogged along.

It was along this road, Ulick remembered, that his father drove with a beautiful black horse between the shafts of the jaunting-car that had silvery mountings on it, the people taking

off their hats as he drove by. That couldn't happen again for a long time, and his mother would be poor for all that time. Now she smoothed out the paper and read, "I will give you a shilling for Pullets and send you the money to buy them if you want it write to me and don't be telling your affairs to others or Prices I will give you for what I want come and see me at any time with Pullets Gosslings or later in a few days with good Cock chickens and probably with Hens but with Hens certainly next month." The reading of the paper gave Sylvester satisfaction. He raised his head and spoke to the horse and it broke into a trot. "A shilling for pullets", Sylvester said, "and I can get money to buy them." It seemed as if he were going to be contented with his life. "And I'll engage to get you a sweetheart," Ulick's mother declared. His mother said this because she couldn't make a real present to Sylvester for taking them back to The Abbey in his cart.

In a drizzle of rain they halted to let sheep pass. Across from where they halted hens and a cock stayed by a dry wall; whin bushes grew above, making a shelter. The cock had a red comb drooping over an eye; he was red and black and had a tuft of shining feathers to his tail. A white hen was on one side of him and a black and speckled hen on the other, and each of them stayed on a round stone. The way they stood there put thoughts and thoughts into Ulick's mind. Here was his mother who, having put a shawl across her head, sat like a countrywoman, dispirited because she could no longer please Sylvester by what she said—Sylvester to whom she had nothing to offer, or little or nothing—and here was Sylvester considering shillings for a pair of pullets and how that would help him to set up for himself, and there were the hens and cock standing as if the life that was in them would always be like that and had always been like that. *In secula seculorum!* The mysterious Latin words that he knew the meaning of, words in the Mass, came into his mind as he watched the cock and hens standing on the round stone under the shelter of the whin bushes with the drizzling rain falling.

They went on. When he closed his eyes he could see, as if it were a picture, the cock and hens standing on the stone. He felt as if a great prize had been given him. Was it because he knew what the Latin words meant—*in secula seculorum*? No. It was because of something he had looked on. They jogged

along. And now crows were lighting with wings balancing and legs ready to make the hop. Across the field they went marching, great fellows with big beaks and grand, shiny feathers in their wings. And when the cart stopped for Sylvester to get a coal to light his pipe, he saw a pair of young turkeys standing up to each other, sparring with each other: the two shapes that faced each other were alike; they had the same rising necks and the same opened wings, on their necks were the same smooth, glistening feathers. "Young turkeys," Sylvester said, and that was all he had to say about them: he was thinking of the price he would have to give if he were buying them. And here were geese marching. Ulick admired their heavy wings, the firm way they went and the way they stood, one gander looking back, stretching out his neck, shaking his wings. He saw ducks coming out of a laneway and making for a pond; he saw them string themselves in a line; he thought about their curious shapes as they came along.

He was tired when he heard the clacking of a loom in the weaver's house: it meant they were near home now. "It was a grand place you had, ma'am," said their driver. "Indeed it was, Sylvester." Ulick's mother's voice was very lonesome.

And then they were at the gate of the house that was named The Abbey. Agnes, the one person left in the house, was waiting for them outside the gate. The cart, with Sylvester alone in it, went on.

It was like coming to someone else's house, to a strange house, although everything he looked on was familiar to Ulick. "Choc, choc", said the jackdaws on the roof. It was not a welcoming sound—jackdaws could not make a welcoming sound with their "choc, choc". But it was a knowing sound—a very knowing sound. "Choc, choc," said the jackdaws as they went walking along the flat of the roof or flew up on the chimneys of the house. They knew everything that had happened to the people who had walked along the paths before the house, and they would talk about it for ever and ever. "Choc, choc," said the jackdaws on the roof and the chimneys of The Abbey, and they were the only live things about the house that Ulick O'Rehill and his mother had come back to for the last time.

This was the sort of a house that Saba and her son were leaving: two storeys and an attic comprised it. A white pillared

porch flanked by two tall windows framed the doorway with its gracefully shaped fanlight. The roof bore a weather vane in the form of a gilded iron fox in full flight. There was a blankness about it now, but ordinarily, spirals of blue-grey smoke wreathing into the beeches behind it, joined The Abbey with the landscape of the level Midland territory.

It had been settled as, in such circumstances things are usually settled, hurriedly and inconclusively, that his wife and son should live in her father's house until Robert O'Rehill gained means to start life with them over again. But to this arrangement Saba was no longer docile. From a while back she knew she was with child.

Surrounding this realization was something of superstition, and this superstition had been animated for her by an encounter she had had Wandering about after Robert's departure, she had come on an abandoned road. Someone was on it—a woman who belonged to some vagabond band.

This woman had demanded something of her. It was that she should milk a goat, one of a pair that was pulling at the hedge. She had held out a tin-cup. The breasts that Saba saw were unfilled; a child languished against a ditch.

Halted there Saba had heard, as if there was nothing else in the world, the distant clamour of crows. Oh, it had appeared as if she were in a place where there could be no shelter! The clamour of crows! And with it a woman crooning to her uncradled child:—

Seo leo, a bhearulain,
Air ceo no caide,
Toglu airacin no fiaba,
A long-shuain.

She could not make out what the words together meant, for they were in a dialect kept by vagrants who mended tins and traded in asses—Irish, but secret Irish. Over and over, against the crows' clamour, Saba had heard:—

Seo leo, a bhearulain,
Air ceo na caide,
Toglu airacin no fiaba,
A long-shuain.

They meant, 'rest, my babe'; they meant 'the mist . . . the

crows'. Something more they meant—she did not know though the words stayed in her memory. But why had it all seemed so foreboding—the woman by the hedge giving her child out of the tin that she, Saba, had milked into—that miserable cup—the words of the croon, the crows' clamour? The croon had haunted her with its wildness.

That she should want hers and Robert's child to be born in Moylough was natural. The ominousness of a father's absence when a child was born was often dwelt on amongst the people she came from—"no father to give it a name"—that was the most fateful thing that could happen to a child. For the birth of the child she was pregnant with the father would be absent, but the birth in the house of his father's generations would mitigate that misfortune. And there was something in that house that would avail her child. There was the Chalice of Moylough that had been left in the O'Rehills' keeping when no object of Catholic piety was permitted to be shown.

On that wide, shining silver cup was written in Latin, Irish and English the words that Saba had come to know by heart:—

Honor and adoration to God whose decree scatters tribes and separates persons, and this for a purpose, though the purpose at times is dim and unknown to men. But the Clanmacne O'Rehill, mindful of their ancestral piety, bow to the supreme design, accounting it a great good fortune to be still in accord with the Heavenly Father's will.

The cup that had that inscription would separate the child to come, she felt, from the abandonment that the woman by the wayside knew to be her child's.

In the house she turned to for the last time were all the things she would look back on—early times of love with Robert, Ulick's infancy, her own delights and contentments, and those were not apart from the solid things that one by one became lost and regretted—carpets and sofas, chairs, bed and wardrobes, a silver tray, a silver tea-set. The few things she might bring with her had been collected and put in baskets. All was bare now—even hers and Robert's bed and Ulick's cradle had been stripped away.

"I hope you'll have the greatest good luck, Agnes", Ulick's mother said. "And may there be a welcome for you wherever

you go, ma'am", Agnes answered. "Welcome! If only your prayers for that might be heard!"

Ulick went out of the house, mindful of the things he was to separate himself from. For his first pair of pigeons his father had this cote made. A carpenter had worked a whole day on it, planing the boards, measuring them, marking out holes for the pigeons to go into, making shelves for them to rest on, shelves of neat and proper length. Eight holes were made, and there was only a pair of pigeons then. At first they had been kept in by a lath placed before each hole; they could put out their heads and pick the grains that were left on the shelf; then the lath was removed, and they could come out on the shelf and fly down. How thrilling it was when he saw his pigeons for the first time fly up on the shelf and find their way into their own holes! 'Coo, coo, coo' would come from the box. He was shown two shiny eggs laid there; he saw the pigeon-chicks; he saw them being fed, their beaks to their mother's beaks; he saw them with unsmooth breasts and scrawney necks; he saw them get feathers that got more smooth and lovely. Then there were more pigeons. Now he looked where the flock was: on a low roof the pigeons were all gathered. How lovely the lustre on their necks and breasts! He drew back that he might see them in all their shapes and colours, his own pigeons. They flew up in the air; they paused as if they might come down, down to where he was. Then they flew away. Never again would they be his own pigeons.

There were berries on the yew, red, wax-like berries, and the green seat of the Summer House that the arched yew formed was splashed with birds' droppings. Unfinished was the story Agnes had begun there—maybe he never would hear the finish of it now.

It was the story of the Hen-Wife's Son. Oh, very poor was the boy's mother, and all in the King's Castle despised her. But when he grew up and went abroad and became the greatest soldier in the Western World, he came back to the place she was in. He had a black horse to ride; he had a silver sword by his side and silver spurs on his heels, and the King took him into his Castle and made him Captain over all, and his mother never saw a poor day afterwards, and no one might look down on her any more.

"They banished his mother and himself", he heard Agnes say, gabbling over another story. "They had great hardships,

the boy and his mother, and they had to go from place to place."

"What was his name"?

"Finn MacCool or another. But don't be wearying me now, for I've things to do in the house."

But they were two stories, for in one the Youth went to an Enchanter to learn all arts. Agnes did not tell him what these arts were, but he knew. He would build walls and put on the walls figures of turkeys fighting, a cock with hens beside him, crows and geese, and ducks walking in a straight line, one by one.

It was his Uncle Marcus who took the baskets and fixed them in the side-car that was outside the gate. They did everything with such quietness that they might have been thieving from the house. And his uncle's kiss on his cheek, the words he said, signified to Ulick a long journey and a far place. Oh, very far away his uncle Marcus lived! Always he was in a place where the wind blew hard on him.

Down from the sky came cries of birds that, knowing the clouds of night were gathering, were flying about. Where did they go to? How did they find the bushes or the holes that their nests were in? His mother and Agnes parted from each other; Agnes stood weeping at the gate; his mother walked with Marcus while the servant-boy led the horse. Then Ulick went back the little distance they had been, by himself he went back. He looked through the bars of the gate and saw the house with its chimneys and its windows, and the weeping-ash before it, and the yew tree beside the gate. He ran after the others. From a place higher than they had been before the birds' cries came to him. Then, as the story says, he set off, and there was blackening on his soles and holing in his shoes; the little birds were taking their rest in the butts of the bushes and the tops of the trees, but if they were, he was not, and the journey before him is the whole of our story.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal

KNOCKNAVAIN. By J. M. Doody. Abbey Theatre playing at The Queen's Theatre.

A RIVERSIDE CHARADE. By Brian Guinness. Abbey Theatre playing at The Queen's Theatre.

THE DEMON LOVER.. By Lennox Robinson. Gaiety Theatre.

THE MALE ANIMAL. By James Thurber & Elliott Nugent. Gate Theatre.

MORE FOLLIES OF HERBERT LANE. The Pike Theatre Club.

Knocknavain, the second prize-winning play of the recent Abbey Theatre competition, had an amusing central idea—the return of Finn MacCool to the scene of his exploits in the great mythological age of the ancient Gael. Scholars are at pains to explain that many of Finn's adventures can be considered as being apocryphal although it is insisted that he is a genuine historical character. His resurgence in this play, his reaction to the modern political situation, his misunderstanding of the significance of driving cattle over the border at night, his short way with people, such as Gardai, foolhardy enough to stand in his way—all goes to show that the annals have only recorded what really happened and for proof, well, you have Finn himself, well-intentioned after his fashion, carrying his royal person archaically decked out in National Museum robes with Fenian dignity.

Of course it's a comedy but it does not succeed as well as that masterpiece from Ulster, *Thompson in Tir na nOg*, which has the same idea in reverse. Mr. Doody's dialogue did not live up to the brightness of his theme. It was, however, a play worth producing and in keeping with an older Abbey tradition without being merely imitative. There was no great call for subtle acting but all the cast entered into the apocryphal situation with the right kind of initial wonder to be followed by the suspension of disbelief—a mood which they transmitted to the audience and made the play possible in the double sense.

A Riverside Charade just failed to be possible. There were perhaps, too many motives in the play. There was magic—contact with salmon acting as a love potion. There were animals with some vague symbolic significance. There were bottles and bottles of a 'soft' drink called 'fizzer' the monopoly of whose sale set the main action of the play into wilder and wilder motion. But the love potion (misdirected passion was always under control) was fairly harmless, the animals cardboard, and the 'fizzer' complication a *Charley's Aunt* situation in which three people impersonated the old lady who, for some reason or other, had by her

presence to satisfy some supralocal authority called 'The Gingery'.

The title of the play suggests a simple form of entertainment and no doubt it was intended as such but the author lost his simplicity after the first act. The various *motifs* somehow failed to coalesce and the lightheartedness of the conception lost its buoyancy as the side issues bogged it down. In the last act we were being continually promised a puppet-show; it was a pity it never really eventuated. Apart from the pleasure it might have given (we did see the puppets in action for a moment) it might have pointed the author's purpose which was of course not an analysis of human frailty but a frolic of *fantoques*.

Vere Dungeon excelled himself in the setting of the first act but the scene beside the pool in the next act was awkward. The actors went through their movements with their usual competence and spoke their lines with Abbey clarity but seemed confused, torn between the impulse to play straight and the feeling that the abandon required by farce might be better.

We have become so inured to seeing revivals of Lennox Robinson's plays that it was exciting to consider the prospect of a production of a new play from his pen. The fact that this was to take place at the Gaiety Theatre instead of the national theatre, of which Mr. Robinson is a director, suggested that something novel was in store. We looked forward to a newer realism from the dramatist who brought realism to the Abbey Theatre, perhaps a new technique or possibly a fresh dramatic approach from the *doyen* of our playwrights. *The Demon Lover*, however, breaks no new ground but it does show that Mr. Robinson has lost none of his skill as an artificer. Plays that centre on geniuses are not often effective, because genius is not only rare but difficult to make credible on the stage. But since genius knows no laws, its very unaccountability helps the dramatist since he can ascribe behaviour to his creation which in an ordinary individual would be considered bizarre.

Dominick Caughlan is a brilliant entomologist (probably a Nobel Prize-winner) who has been deserted by his first wife and to whom his second wife, Vanda, is devoted. The latter's faith in her husband is shaken by the revelations of the first wife and she determines to test his love by pretending an interest in her husband's secretary. Dominick becomes suspicious, forsakes his beetles and, as he thinks, surprises the couple in an amorous situation. Vanda improves on Ibsen's Nora by banging the door at the same time on both husband and lover. Dominick must be classified as a genius of the self-satisfied variety for he refuses to be proved in the wrong, maintaining that Vanda was prepared to elope with his secretary even though she did not love him. Hilton Edwards played this not altogether convincing part with the efficiency we associate with this accomplished actor. Vanda was ably portrayed by Sally Travers and Patrick Bedford (in a voice strangely like James Mason's) carried with distinction the burden of the thankless role of rejected lover.

The significance of the title escapes me. It can hardly apply to the entomologist who may have loved but not with what one would imagine the love of even a minor devil to be. It certainly cannot refer to the sneaky secretarial courtship. The programme explains that the title is a quotation from Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan': "... woman wailing for her demon-lover." Can it be that the female wail is for an ideal demon-lover who can only be found in Xanadu?

Longford Productions brought us *The Male Animal*, an American play by

James Thurber and Elliot Nugent. The audience appeared to enjoy it but somehow I could not accept the fun lightheartedly. Was it meant as an indictment of McCarthyism as evidenced in the treatment in a University of a liberal-minded professor who wished to quote to his class a passage from the last letter of Vanzetti (of Sacco and Vanzetti fame) as an example of English style? Or did it set out to make the same professor a comic figure absentmindedly stealing match-boxes, drinking himself into insensibility with his favourite student and helplessly watching his wife become involved with a former admirer?

The comedy is amusing enough but it takes away from the value of the indictment of those ignorant trustees of Universities for whom truth must have the right political background and independent thought is only acceptable when it follows the dotted party line. Can it be that this serio-comic medley is the only means of making the great American public aware of the dangers of political interference in schools of learning? We here, as yet, do not need laughing gas to make us face a serious problem but the American public has already been operated upon and the laugh may be one of nervous relief that nothing was felt during the operation and that perhaps it never happened at all.

Aidan Grennell, as the Professor, kept the merriment of the house in full swing in his comic moments and aroused sympathy in his more serious vein. Sheila Brennan, as his wife, couldn't (understandably) convince when she became almost merrily melodramatic. Jack Aronson brought some natural acting and the right accent to the part of Michael Barnes, who was the innocent cause of the University disturbance.

There are *More Follies in Herbert Lane* to entertain members of the Pike Theatre Club who are not afraid to be out until after one in the morning. On the same lines as the first *Follies*, with new songs, new parodies, sly and not so sly hits at Dublin literary and artistic figures, this form of entertainment may find a seasonal permanency in Dublin night-life. Satire plays a big part and it is curious to note that, unlike Parisian shows of this nature, there was no fun at the expense of political personalities. But perhaps here this has become the preserve of *Dublin Opinion*. Alan Simpson, Carolyn Swift and George Desmond Hodnett are to be congratulated—the first for the production (remarkably slick), the second for the libretto and the last for his musical score. Milo O'Shea is a comedian of the first rank and Godfrey Quigley one of our most adaptable actors.

Art Notes

By Edward Sheehy.

IRISH EXHIBITION OF LIVING ART.

I am glad that the Living Art Committee found it possible to give Henry Moore's *Reclining Figure* a public showing at this year's exhibition. Hitherto I, and I suspect most of the rabid controversialists who had attacked its purchase by the Friends of the National Collection, had known it only from inadequate press photographs which could not possibly give any idea of its significance as sculpture. It belongs to an early, but by no means negligible phase of Moore's work, before he began creating those massive, half-abstract figures, formally almost static, by which he is better known to-day. The genesis of the work is obvious. The artist has created a formal synthesis in bronze of a number of possible and typical poses of the human figure. If it eschews all the superficial

graces, the erotogenous emphasis of the human form conceived in the Hellenic tradition, it is because their inclusion would necessarily vitiate the artist's purpose. As it is, the work has grace and feeling without sentimentality, and its significance is primarily a function of form.

Appreciation of modern sculpture is chiefly a question of attitude. If one approaches it with the Hellenic and traditional European belief that the highest end of sculpture is the idealisation of the human form, one cannot but be repelled. The Chinese, who treasure stones that have been weathered to beautiful or curious shapes, have a better idea. A piece of sculpture is primarily a solid artifact whose shape has sensible aesthetic qualities. It need not necessarily represent, resemble or even suggest any other known object and any such resemblance or suggestion is merely incidental to its basic qualities as sculpture. The superb *Torso* by the Munich sculptor, Bernhard Heiliger, is formally beautiful in itself and not because it owes its origin to a contemplation of the human figure. Just because it is abstract it achieves a pure emphasis that would be impossible to a realism dominated by the appearance of things as they are. Still more abstract is Karl Hartung's *Double Form*, a purely aesthetic exercise. And I fail to understand how even the most reactionary could fail to take pleasure in its cleanly realised shape and its subtle balance.

Though few in number, this year's sculpture is well above the average. Hilary Heron's *Heraldic Bird*, in polished limestone, has a challenging strength and dignity. It calls for an architectural setting or a tall pediment on a wind-swept coast. Her forged *Hieratic Figure* I found somewhat over-contrived and to me, at any rate, like a statement in an alien language. In the same medium A. P. McElroy's small *Steel Figure* showed considerable feeling both for his technique and his material, as well as a nice formal economy. Oisín Kelly seems to me more consistently himself when he carves than when he models. His woodcarving, *St. Joseph and Child*, is a strong and finely composed piece of work, a type of religious sculpture of which we have far too little. His *Horseman*, in plaster, is quite exciting in its formal vitality, but its resemblance to the work of Marino Marini suggests the accomplished and very enjoyable *jeu d'esprit*. Before I leave the sculpture I must mention a fine bronze, *The Rooster*, by Ewald Matare and an amusing portrait head in bronze by Werner Schurmann.

The painting was much more variable in quality, including too much that was mere diletantism and too high a proportion of a type of painting that has already a welcome in the Academy. I missed the exuberance and vitality of Jack B. Yeats, who does not exhibit this year; and two younger painters, Colin Middleton and Daniel O'Neill, whose work has an authority, are all too scantily represented. Middleton's two canvases, though small, take their place among his best and most characteristic work. *Trio*, painted in a mood of poetic fantasy, uses a sparkling palette to body forth a kind of metaphysical Alice-in-Wonderland theme. Middleton has a curious faculty for conveying what seems to be a familiar emotional experience by the most daring and original use of his medium. He achieves such a fusion of theme and treatment that the depth of feeling in his best pictures tends to obscure their quality as superb pieces of sheer painting. O'Neill's two canvases are also typical. Both *Kathleen* and *Figure on a Shore*, painted with a muted palette and with a quietly sensuous feeling for quality, are moodily subjective pictures. Louis le Brocquy's *Lazarus*

is not a pleasant picture; but the austerity of its colours and the sweeping yet calculated boldness of its composition give it a certain ominous grandeur. To me it suggests a kind of esoteric morality which might have been entitled: *Timor vitae conturbat me*.

It is perhaps our intimate hankering after innocence that make the pictures of Sean McCarthy so attractive. McCarthy is a genuine primitive, or else his simulation of naivete is little short of miraculous. In *Boulavogue*, which could claim spiritual kinship with the ballad, he paints literally, dramatically, sparing no detail under a harsh uniform light. This and *Star of the Sea* are really pieces of pictorial barnstorming. Yet, in spite of the fact that his canvases are crowded, his instinctive feeling for composition avoids any kind of confusion. With Gerald Dillon one has the feeling that his primitivism is assiduously cultivated and owes not a little to a study of early mediaeval Irish stone-carving. At times he suggests a Western and more earthbound Chagall, particularly in his palette. The bold colour and broad treatment of his *Yellow Bungalow* make it one of the best of his recent work. Anne Madden with her finely composed *Horse and Crows* appears to be a new addition to our painters in this *genre*; though the restrained palette and fine line of her *Portrait* show a quite unprimitive sophistication. The deliberate cult of the primitive may easily degenerate into empty mannerism. Simplicity of vision is open to the fool or the seer.

Edward Augustine, who appeared for the first time at last year's exhibition, seems, in his *Portrait*, to have deserted an accomplished sophistication for a melancholy and austere Neo-Realism, characterised by a frigid unemotional palette or a morbidly clinical attention to detail. But here I suspect the bare feet appended to an otherwise well-clothed figure, exaggerated as by a cheap camera, as just an added misery. Admittedly the Existentialist attitude may be valid and a painter may feel compelled to see things as they are, coldly, neither sensuously, nor emotionally. It demands considerable technical expertise, not far removed from that of the academic schools, and Augustine's picture has that. But here again it is an attitude all too easily induced and a type of painting where the object, and not the artist, is allowed to dominate. The better known work of Patrick Swift belongs to the same school; but his work has more honesty in its puritanism. Brian O'Doherty with *Portrait of a Young Man* is another recruit to the school and one not without technical merit. I cannot, however, help the feeling that this kind of painting is reactionary, a kind of deglamourised academicism.

In addition to the Irish exhibits, the exhibition included a number of of canvases by contemporary German and Dutch artists.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE EGOTISTICAL SUBLIME, A HISTORY OF WORDSWORTH'S IMAGINATION. John Jones. Chatto and Windus. 16/-.

"The Egotistical Sublime" by John Jones is an interesting attempt to follow the history of Wordsworth's imagination from the *Lyrical Ballads* to the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. Mr. Jones cannot see Wordsworth as the lost leader suddenly betraying his political and poetical ideals for a handful of silver or a Distributorship of Stamps. He insists, and rightly, that Wordsworth's life and work form a consistent entity, and that it is wrong to dismiss his late acceptance of Christianity and Conservatism as the last stage in a deliberate flight from Romantic Rebellion to respectable conformity. Wordsworth's spiritual journey is clearly reflected in his poetry which Mr. Jones divides into three categories, the poetry of solitude and relationship, the poetry of indecision, and the poetry of the baptised imagination. Of the first phase Mr. Jones has many penetrating observations to make, and he demonstrates brilliantly how Wordsworth's solitaries, such as Michael and the Leech-gatherer, provide the key to the proper understanding of his writing at this time.

In the section on the poetry of indecision, Mr. Jones comes near to explaining how any man in his senses could have published "Peter Bell" as serious poetry or could have set any importance on "The White Doe of Rylstone". His concern is with the philosophical and imaginative uncertainty reflected in these poems, not with the verse itself, and he demonstrates the value of these pieces as evidence of Wordsworth's spiritual journey though not as poetry. In so far as interpretation is a part of good criticism, Mr. Jones must be given considerable credit for this re-assessment.

The period of indecision ended with Wordsworth's acceptance of orthodox religion though "Wordsworth does not embrace Christianity; it is forced upon him by the exclusion of alternatives." This acceptance finally deepens into a Christian maturity in which God, for so long rejected as the Great Mechanic, can now be worshipped as the Supreme Artist, and from this springs the poetry of the baptised imagination. Wordsworth's later works have been unjustly neglected and unfairly treated by admirers of the *Lyrical Ballads*, but as Mr. Jones says, "Wordsworth's youth must not be set in judgement over his old age: nor, of course, must it be denied, as Wordsworth did when he pretended that he wrote the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* because he was 'prevailed upon by Mr. Coleridge.'"

Once again, by relating the verse to the philosophical development, Mr. Jones makes us consider the later poems with heightened interest and a deeper comprehension. We may still consider them vastly inferior to the *Lyrical Ballads* but at least we now know better than to damn them out of hand as senile recantations or palpable insincerity.

Mr. Jones has read much philosophy and at times he lapses into a technical jargon that obscures his meaning to the lay reader. On occasion, too, his writing is peculiarly and needlessly offensive as when he describes his book as an attempt "to minister to truths that lie too often unregarded, bed-ridden in an out-house of the soul." It is much better than that, for it is a sensitive, balanced, and stimulating piece of interpretative writing, and a valuable contribution to our understanding of Wordsworth.

F. A. R.

THE IDENTITY OF YEATS. By Richard Ellmann. MacMillan. 25s.

This is a work of literary-analysis. Mr. Ellmann has previously written a work of psycho-analysis. His patient in each case has been W. B. Yeats. The possibility of this kind of analytical criticism is best proven by doing it—its value is more difficult to assess. Readers of Mr. Ellmann's first book "Yeats—The Man and the Masks" will have found his psychologising technique interesting as a possible explanation of why Yeats came to think as he did. They will remain, I imagine, unconvinced of the literary importance of this kind of explanation. In his first book he left us fairly in possession of the Masks but Yeats had disappeared into thin clouds of Freudian smoke.

In this work Mr. Ellmann is less interested in the psychological determinants of Yeats's thought and is more concerned to analyse his poetry. He brings to his present task, however, the same clinical attitude and technique as before but one has the impression that Jung has replaced Freud. Nobody has replaced Yeats. He is re-introduced this time among the images as a sort of discontinuous "quantum".

This is a book on Yeats's symbolism not, as the title would indicate, a book on the identity of Yeats. The poet indeed emerges from this trial by ordeal without any identity whatever:—

"He was", writes our author in his concluding paragraph, "a many sided man who by dint of much questioning and inner turmoil achieved the right to speak with many voices and to know completely the incompleteness of life." This vocalised schizophrenia achieves in Mr. Ellmann's view a relative stability or re-unity of tensions in the analogical proportionality of Yeats's developing symbolism.

"His symbols kept altering, but the later symbols, in spite of their increased animation when compared to the earlier, are mature equivalents rather than new departures." Not that Mr. Ellman sees in these symbols the ultimate material of Yeats's poetry. They are, he thinks, merely centres around which Yeats wove a universe of moods.

"The centre of a Yeats poem is not in its ideological content. It is rather, Yeats said as a young man, a mood, or as he later put it, a state of mind. He meant both terms to be large enough to include both emotions and ideas. Moods and states of mind are conspicuously but not exclusively emotional or temperamental; they differ from emotion in having form and often intellectual

structure. Less fleeting than a mere wish and less crystallised than a belief, a mood is suspended between fluidity and solidity. It can be tested only by the likelihood of its being experienced at all, and being so, by many people." One ventures to think that not many people can have had such a startling psychological experience. One hopes not. I am irresistibly reminded of Locke's abstract idea of a triangle "being neither oblique or rectangle, equilateral, equicrural, nor scalenon but all and none of these at once." Yeats thought and wrote much of this kind of nonsense. He was not, either by training or temperament, a philosopher. Neither, I think, is Mr. Ellmann.

It would be unjust to insist upon these aspects of a book which is obviously the result of much careful and reverent study of Yeats's poetry. When the author concerns himself with an examination of the verse itself he is almost always interesting and sometimes illuminating. He is convinced, and I think properly, that the enduring value of Yeats's work lies in the later verse. He does not neglect however to trace the power and passion and discipline and the great dominant images of this poetry to the material perfection of the "pre-Raphaelite period". The passion and the power came out of the passionate and powerful soul of the man. He just had what it took. Whether he got it from his childhood fear of his father or the sexual frustrations of a long delayed adolescence is a problem which surely has long since ceased to interest even his doctor. The discipline which made his great natural gifts so nobly articulate was surely the discipline of that cultivated imagination which made him the last great Romantic. Its principle was not the theosophical Blavatskyism of his youth nor the astrological schematism of his middle years nor the quite beautiful, even if inadequate Berkelianism of his old age. It was the exquisite aesthetic judgment cultivated by his friends of the Decadence and of the Rhymers' Club. This judgement—a thing *sui generis*—gradually made it possible for him to build up an imaginatively coherent and solid *pictorial* universe which his poetry uttered. This imaginative structure replaced the scientific mirror of the 19th century rationalism in which he grew up. It replaced, too, the bitter metaphysical scepticism into which his father escaped and it saved him from the flaccid sentimentality of the *fin de siècle*.

With truly impressive industry and, I imagine, a complex card-index system, Mr. Ellmann in his book breaks down almost the entire body of Yeats's verse into its constituent symbols and studies with scholarly detachment their generic outlines. He discovers a gradual process of development from the imagery of the early poems through the complicated and often merely constructed symbolism of the phases of the Moon and the gyres. In the early verse this imagery is almost always something given from without. As the poet's mastery of his craft increases, there is gradual interiorisation until finally the full imaginative implications of the solipsism he learned from the French symbolists are realised and become acceptable in their totality. I do not think that Mr. Ellmann would argue that this solipsism became acceptable through Yeats's discovery and misunderstanding of Berkeley's metaphysic. He had accepted his imaginative subjectism long before he came to rationalise it in his philosophico-astrological tracts. For him it was an inescapable position. He was grateful to Berkeley for making it philosophically respectable.

I found this an intensely interesting, carefully written and even subtle study but because of a methodological prejudice which (to my own prejudiced eyes) seems characteristically American, it lacks a sympathy and warmth and a certain humane grace necessary in dealing with a poet whose greatness certainly depends upon his power but whose beauty as certainly consists in his magic. Mr. Ellmann is aware that the magic is there in the poems. There is little of it in the criticism.

J. A. DOWLING.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. By Marion Lochhead. Murray. 25s.

John Gibson Lockhart was the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, a contributor to the early numbers of *Blackwood's*, and the second editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Saintsbury has written of "a floating dislike" of Lockhart which his latest biographer, Miss Lochhead, seeks to dispel. She has set herself a difficult, perhaps an impossible task, for Lockhart was responsible for some of the cruellest and most virulent abusive writing of the early nineteenth century. While his journalistic ethics, or rather lack of them, provoked a duel culminating in the death of a fellow editor. In his youth, Lockhart had earned the nick-name of "the Scorpion who delighteth to sting the faces of men," and his victims at one time or another included Keats, Leigh Hunt, and Lord Byron. His attacks were made anonymously on men whom he admitted were unknown to him, and although the thought of exposure filled him with abject fear, he seemed unable to tear himself away from these journalistic cesspools. Even after his marriage, and despite his promise to Scott that he would reform, Lockhart at least once returned to his old ways.

Such is the unaimable figure whom Miss Lochhead hopes to render more acceptable. She approaches her task with ingenuity and devotion, and she does, indeed, succeed in showing that however disgracefully the Scorpion could behave in print, Lockhart in private was a sensitive scholar, a devoted husband and father, a wise friend, and a man with a sense of deep responsibility to his work. She argues that anyone who could produce such a monument of duty and affection as Lockhart's *Life of Scott* must have possessed many positive qualities. Private virtues may, perhaps, outweigh public misdeeds, and so in her attempt to re-instate Lockhart, Miss Lochhead necessarily concentrates on domestic details. As a result, much of the book is merely an account of births, deaths, and marriages in the Scott and Lockhart families, which easily becomes tedious. Miss Lochhead does better when she comes to examine Lockhart's editorship of the *Quarterly* and she rightly stresses the responsible way in which he guided the magazine through the controversial days of the Tractarian Movement.

With her hero's sins she is less successful. She admits that there is much for which Lockhart must be condemned, and holds that pride was the cardinal sin of his youth. When she strays outside the Scott and Lockhart family circles, however, she seems scarcely to understand the world in which she is moving. Sometimes she is misleading and inaccurate. Writing of Scott's *Tales of My Landlord*, she says (page 27): "Unfortunately, young Mr. Blackwood permitted himself to criticise one of the tales, *The Black Dwarf*, with the sweet reasonableness and kindly condescension of which youth alone is capable"; and we are

left to wonder whether Miss Lochhead normally regards a man of forty as young or whether she had not troubled overmuch about Mr. Blackwood's age at the time. Again, in writing of Lockhart's infamous attack on *Endymion*, she says (page 43): "It must be remembered, in Lockhart's defence, that he did not know of Keats' illness. Had he known more of the fragile creature who was coughing out his lungs into dissolution, who was looking his last on all things lovely, crowding his sensations of beauty into a day he knew would be brief, it is likely that he would have written with some mercy if not with justice." At the time when Lockhart's article appeared, the "fragile creature" had just returned from a 600 mile walking tour, "as brown and as shabby as you can imagine; scarcely any shoes left, his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack"—as a contemporary described him.

Yet if she is a little sugar-sweet about Keats, Miss Lochhead is not afraid of sterner stuff. Harriet Martineau had ventured this estimate of Lockhart: "Without being a man of genius, a great scholar, or poetically or morally eminent, he had sufficient ability and accomplishment to ensure considerable distinction in his own person, and his interesting connexion did the rest. . . . If he had not Gifford's thorough scholarship, he had eminent literary ability,—readiness, industry,—everything but good principles and good spirit." To this Miss Lochhead comments (page 183): "There were, and are, other estimates of Lockhart; there is one of Miss Martineau that could be expressed in a monosyllable, but it would lack dignity, and give pain to dog-lovers."

When she comes to the wretched affair of the duel arising from Lockhart's articles in *Blackwood's*, Miss Lochhead spends little time on the other duellist, John Scott. She dismisses him with an elegant phrase of Sir Walter's, "absolute dung-hill." Yet John Scott also was married, possessed the domestic virtues equally with Lockhart and was certainly a more perceptive critic.

Perhaps it is unfair to expect the biographer to deal adequately with these literary quarrels since her admitted purpose is to show the happier side of Lockhart's character, and here he was undeniably at his worst.

When she is writing of Lockhart's wife, his children, or his dogs,—and what a lot about these dogs she does write,—Miss Lochhead is pleasant if a little discursive. To underline the happy and informal domestic atmosphere she refers to Lockhart at times as J. G. L. and becomes almost sprightly when writing of "vitriol, a phial of which fluid J. G. L. usually kept at hand, though he used it more and more sparingly with time." (Page 212).

This is not a scholarly book; but it does present a new side of Lockhart's character. Yet for all her sincerity, Miss Lochhead cannot make her hero more acceptable, and one is left with a sense of thankfulness that her well-meaning book cannot be subjected to a review by its hero.

F. A. R.

LIFE ARBOREAL. By Ewart Milne. Peter Russell. 9s. 6d.

Ewart Milne is one of those expatriate Irish poets who cannot really leave the land he left behind him. Again and again he returns in reference or theme to the country of his youth, sometimes with a tired irony, sometimes with savage upbraiding and sometimes with a kind of resentful nostalgic hunger. He cannot get her out of his mind, but one may feel that he has never really got her deeply

into either his mind or his heart. In previous books there were expostulations of anger and contempt against the insularity (provincialism, if you will) and the subservience to ecclesiastical authority which he saw, or thought he saw, from his home in exile. And there was truth and sometimes an angry sincerity in these poems. His new book is more often plaintively nostalgic and the tone is not always deep or true: nor can one welcome from this poet so frequent and so arrant a playboyism on Irish themes. There are many pleasant lines in *The Isle of Magrath*, or *The Merry Ballad of Young Magrath*, but their superficial vigour and violence have no bone behind them. When in *The Line of Direction* he writes

My friends the mountains called on me the other night:

Carrantual, Lugnaquilla, and Croach Patrick, three towered,

Stood round me as I lay in a shadowy land in my uneasy bed . . .

one may without malice envisage the makers of true emigrant songs turning over in their graves. Having followed Mr. Milne, always with expectation and with a real appreciation of his undoubted gifts, one is compelled to admit to disappointment. He has a quick wit, a nice ear, a happy way with words, but he seems still to be a poet in search of a subject and of an individual way of treating it. One cannot help feeling that in this book he has returned to Ireland, to a superficial mythology, to Yeats, less through compulsion than because he had to had to have somewhere to go. Vigour and vitality there is, but their gestures seem still uninformed by genuine passion. One wonders how long Mr. Milne lives with an individual poem before letting it go into print, how deeply he has felt the lines he commits to paper with such bravado. There are too many echoes whether it be an echo of mere tone, or of actual phrases such as "nettled grave" (Patrick Kavanagh) or "harebell height" (Day Lewis). This reviewer writes thus harshly with genuine regret and an added acid drawn from disappointed expectation. By far the finest poem in the book is *The Brontë Passage* where the posing is that of the subject, Branwell Brontë, as much of it is of the poet.

His eyes are doomed

He drifts a broken thing about my room . . .

W. P. M.

THE POT GERANIUM. By Norman Nicholson. Faber 9s. 6d.

A SPRING JOURNEY AND OTHER POEMS OF 1952-1953. By James Kirkup. Geoffrey Cumberlege. 8s. 6d.

The Pot Geranium comes with a yellow band on it announcing that it is The Recommendation of the Poetry Society; whose first award went to *The Death Bell* by Vernon Watkins. A Cumberland poet, Mr. Nicholson is a pronounced regionalist, evoking in quite accurate descriptions the town and the countryside, green or dark with smoke or slag, the weather and the folk of his county. Since so much of that countryside has been dug into, broken open and scattered in fragments it is not unnatural that geology forms the basis of much of his imagery. There is a certain stony, unyielding, non-committal quality in his utterance, when the theme demands it:

There is no time now for words,

Unless the words have meaning; no time for poetry,
 Unless the poem has a purpose; no time for songs,
 But songs of work and wild methodical hymns . . .

That is from his poem *On My Thirty-Fifth Birthday* and it is a pity that the hint of rising desperation should peter out into the evasive conclusion of

No time for you, no time for me;
 No time for the bramble-blundering of the bumble bee,
 The forty winds with the forty thieves
 Under the crab apple tree;
 No time for time
 But only for eternity.

He is at his best when recording the scenes he knows so well and one might apply an echo of Hardy's epitaph "He was a man who used to notice such things" to the author of *Weather Ear*

. . . Or when, in the still, small conscience hours, I hear
 The market clock-bell clacking close to my ear:

'A north-west wind from the fell, and the sky-light swilled and clear.'

Mr. Nicholson at times writes with a very nice wit, a wit which he can use, as in *Rising Five*, to point a solid edifice of thought. Exciting is hardly the word for him as a poet and yet he does provide an excitement for the mind that follows his closely-wrought and intellectually governed poems with the alert attention they deserve.

Though sometimes the grace of Mr. Kirkup's lines, especially in the ceremonial poems, clothes a mere commonplace of thought or observation, there is in most of his poems an effort to break down, or break through, the externals of his subject to a hard core of actual, individual experience of the thing, or to the thing itself. In one way this book, *A Spring Journey*, is a disappointment, coming from the author of *A Correct Compassion* for, while there is some loosening of the tautness of expression, there is a more obvious constriction of thought. Even in a poem with so immense a theme as *The Observatory* (which was broadcast on the B.B.C. Third Programme and is described in a sub-title as *An Adventure in Space*) the effect upon the reader is of a constant and deliberate narrowing and shortening of vision and movement, rather than of an expansion of experience. There is thus a sense of deprivation as one passes from the promise of the opening lines

This is the day, the long-awaited time
 When we are called to witness the divine events
 Of the celestial globe, the fields of space . . .

to:

Magnified forty times, the moon is closer certainly: but with inverted mimicry

Presents herself the wrong way round, which is the normal thing,
 So we are told, and should not militate against belief . . .

and to:

But now a stronger lens, which magnifies
 More than two hundred times precipitates
 A nasty shock—here we are almost too
 Close for comfort to this, old peeled wall that fills the sky

With white, blistered, stained and crumbling plaster . . .
Perhaps a key is to be found in a later line:

Head still in clouds, our sea-legs stagger on the solid earth.
For Mr. Kirkup, in his integrity, refuses to quit the solid earth even in the imagination and remains obstinately determined to find his heaven through the needle's eye of his own realised identity. There is an intellectual nobility in his resolve to keep his head however many tempting avenues or wide expanses invite him to dance out among the swarms of wayward emotions which might lure him on to God knows what excesses of technique or theme. Sometimes he tires of his own harsh discipline and when he does we get those lines of graceful commonplace or verses of an uneasy lightness, not gay, but a little strained, and half-contemptuous of their own lack of purpose and necessity.

W. P. M.

THE SPANISH TEMPER. By V. S. Pritchett. Chatto & Windus. 15s.

Since Madame d'Aulnoy, and indeed before, no country in Europe has offered the intelligent traveller more temptation to write a book about than Spain. To write as good a book as Mr. Pritchett has done, however, you need to be more than an intelligent traveller; you need to have a long familiarity with Spanish history, life and letter. Ultimately his book is about what is really more interesting than anything else—people.

There is a photograph in the book which curiously symbolises the Spanish temper. It is of the walls of Avila in the startling Castilian light. They look as if they might be white-hot or, equally well, of ice. *Fuego—hielo*, fire—ice: that ever-recurring antithetical conceit of Spanish poets. It has been said so often and it remains as true as ever, that the Spanish temper is compounded of antithesis. The extremes of austerity and excess, realism and idealism, sensuality and puritanism, violent anarchism and rigid conformism, totalitarianism and absolute democracy. Nothing in between. It is all body or all soul: the one in terms of the other very often. This leaves little room for the mind and it is because of the premium put on intellect in Western-European culture that the Spanish contribution has been so much neglected. Mr. Pritchett, like most people, not least the Spaniards themselves, appears to think that anarchism is more fundamental to the Spanish character than conformism, but I wonder if this is really so and whether each is not simply a pole to the other. The anarchical side is more spectacular, that is all. The same is true of the alleged obsession of Spaniards with death. In this case, as Mr. Pritchett does very truly intimate, it is counterbalanced by no less a cult of life. In a sense, indeed, it is a part of the cult of life, for it is intimately connected with the Spaniard's craving for immortality (*vide* Unamuno). His passionate desire for fame is another manifestation of the same thing. The thought of permanent extinction is unbearable to his proverbial pride. The transience of mortal life and the solidity of the flesh are astonishingly given form in those beautiful, gruesome polychrome images in Spanish churches. No other artists ever made Death so lifelike. Yet nothing is more monotonous than excess and the author well conveys the blank unrelenting

monotony of the life so many Spaniards lead. He puts his finger on the one real flaw in the bullfight too—its monotony.

One hopes the reviewer will be pardoned for speaking too much about Mr. Pritchett's subject and not enough about his book. But perhaps that is one of the best tributes one could pay it. It is that sort of book. His observations are shrewd, his judgments wise, his opinions informed.

His account is hung on the unobtrusive peg of journeys made in 1951 and 1952. He moves leisurely from topic to topic as he does from place to place: a discursive circumambulation. The *Talgo*, the *paseo*, Unamuno and Baroja, the Civil War, the language, government, the Church, the landscape, agrarian conditions, business, sex, Goya and Velasquez, Don Quixote and Don Juan, wines, dancing, *flamenco*, the bullfight. There is little that is typical or topical which does not pass fleetingly under his glass. He seeks out the essence and the pattern. For example, he tells us: "Spain is the great producer of exiles, a country unable to tolerate its own people . . . out with the Right, out with the Left, out with every government. The fact recalls that cruel roar of abuse that goes up in the ring when the bullfighter misses a trick; out with him." His method is to generalise from the particular and, as he says, to correct each generalisation with a lot more, for whatever is true of Spain, its opposite is also true. It is impossible to criticise impressions and much of what he has to say depends on these. But I think few readers who know something of Spain and try to be not too much touched with the partisanship Spain herself spreads like an infection in foreigners, where she is concerned, few such readers could help finding that very many of their impressions matched Mr. Pritchett's. Except that fewer still could express them so elegantly. Those who do not know the country should take his book with their outdated Baedeker when they go. His descriptions are memorable, with phrases which only the accomplished writer can make meaningful or even tolerable—"innumerable smaller religious houses with their hard, dead, bucketing bells"; "the ornate little drawing-rooms of God"; "the calculated, stylized advance towards orgy" to describe the dance.

When he writes of Spanish inns one might still be reading Richard Ford. Yet "eternal" Spain is changing. I wonder whether not faster than Mr. Pritchett suggests, although so much more slowly than her northern neighbours have done. One hopes that resistance to the less admirable forms of Europeanisation (not to speak of Americanisation) is as strong as he says. If only Spaniards would not always throw out the baby, bathwater, tub and all! The Spain of today is reminiscent of nineteenth century Russia in a number of ways he mentions from time to time. The thought could be frightening. But he adds:

"The Spaniards have demonstrated that people can survive as personalities without good government, without a sense of corporate responsibility, without compromise, without tolerance—and that, in being themselves, they are willing to pay the appalling social price which their negligence exacts." One can only hope that there is still time for Spain, where the least that is human means more than the grandest abstraction, to recover her wits and bring her genius to bear on an era of progressive dehumanisation.

EDWARD RILEY.

THE MASKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT. By William B. Ewald, Jr. Basil Blackwell. Oxford. 22s. 6d.

"Writers frequently, of course, use *personae* for primarily artistic reasons . . . Did Swift (like Browning, A. E. Housman, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot) use masks for mainly literary reasons? Or were there more specific psychological causes? Did he distrust facing the world as himself, as a single integrated personality? At once proud and sensitive, did he desire mastery over large political and religious issues while fearing to enter controversies as Jonathan Swift?"

Mr. Ewald's questions and the title of his book promise a very interesting thesis. He pins down neatly the *personae*—Gulliver, Drapier, Bickerstaff, and the most elusive or brittle—notes their occasion and purpose, examines how far they disguise or reveal some aspect of Swift, and extracts the irony. "This irony has been a source of difficulty largely because to understand Swift's ideas, it is essential for the reader to distinguish Swift's own attitudes from those of his *personae*. If one wishes to get to the substance of a work by Swift, one must hear the voice through the mask." And this mask is uniquely a tool of irony.

It is not argued that the *persona* is an isolated literary technique, but that, to understand a considerable part of his writings, Swift must be seen as "a superb creator of masks"; and to follow attentively his manipulation of them is to recognise his 'corrosive intellectuality', his diversity and eloquence, his satiric themes. Mr. Ewald writes confidently of his discoveries— if with exaggerated concern for the reader—yet his book is less interpretation than a clever exercise. If Swift were an *impresario* of ingenious puppets, one would say that he has here been perfectly portrayed.

SHELLY'S PROSE. Or, The Trumpet of a Prophecy. Edited by David Lee Clark. Albuquerque, New Mexico: The University of New Mexico Press. \$8.50.

Professor Lee Clark has collected in this very handsome volume, and edited with ample notes, all Shelley's prose except for the letters, the two romances and the translations.

The American scholar seems resigned to an odd sort of student. Here the spelling and punctuation "have been modernized and Americanized in the interest of consistency and intelligibility", and the reader is urged to try the prose before the poetry as "the varied and complex ideas of the poetry are the same ideas encountered in the prose, but more difficult to understand because they have been translated into highly figurative language and colourful imagery." It has even been thought necessary to include in the footnotes explanations of, for example, Shelley's obvious references to the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew and the Golden Age, of *auto da fé*; and to provide such details as: "Descartes was a distinguished French philosopher . . . Voltaire, a distinguished French philosopher and man of letters . . . Galileo Gallilei was a noted Italian astronomer . . ."

Such persuasions and cautious details apart, Professor Clark deserves our gratitude for giving in this book more of the prose than any single volume has hitherto done. He has intensively studied the political, economic, religious and

philosophical background, and the ideas that influenced Shelley; and his introduction, thorough and interesting, traces the development of Shelley's religious ideas from the rejection of Christianity through deism to naturalistic pantheism; the modification of his political ideas; the change in his ethical principles. "Here he gradually moved from the prevailing eighteenth century conception of the absolute, fixed, and discoverable principles of morals to the nineteenth, or even the twentieth century, conception of morals as purely relative in value and as based in utility. Love, or sympathy for one's fellow's, was for him the basis of the moral life, and the imagination was the civilizing force in society."

Professor Clark declares that his study of the remarkable consistency of Shelley's ideas from his youthful to his mature thought makes no apology or defence for them; but every page of his essay shows devotion to the ardent thinker and reformer, and to the poet.

L. H.

The Arden Shakespeare: KING HENRY V. Edited by J. H. Walter. 15s.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Edited by M. R. Ridley. 18s.

Methuen.

The new edition of the Arden Shakespeare, which takes into account recent Shakespearean studies, is impressive in its scholarship, its readings, and new material.

Henry V has entirely new footnotes and appendices, and the editor, J. H. Walter, in his brilliant Introduction, gives a persuasive analysis of Henry's character. He refers to the strange irony "that a play in which the virtue of unity is so held up for imitation should provoke so much disunity among its commentators", and stresses the parallels between Henry and the ideal king as conceived by Erasmus and Chelidonius. Shakespeare, he argues, presented him in accordance with the medieval and Tudor view of history as the unfolding of God's plan." "Canterbury's account in *Henry V* shows Henry's perfection, physical, intellectual and spiritual completed, he is now the 'mirror of Christendom'."

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, the present editor, M. R. Ridley, has paid close attention to the punctuation of the early Quarto and First Folio texts ("An alteration in the original punctuation should be regarded as no less an emendation than a change in a word, and should be felt to need the same kind of justification"). He has also largely employed the Folio stage-directions, revised and extended the notes and appendices, and provided an apparatus criticus valuable alike to the student faced with textual problems and to the ordinary reader. R. H. Case's fine Introduction to the first edition in the Arden series has been retained, for its scholarship and perception still have our admiration.

"But in the end these intellectual exercises and their results drift down the wind like the idle thistledown that for this play they are; we know in our hearts that what in this play Shakespeare has to offer us is a thrill, a quickening of the pulses, a brief experience in a region where there is an unimagined vividness of life; and we surrender, with Antony, if anything so vitalizing can be called surrender, to the 'strong toil of grace.' "

E

The Arden Shakespeare. *THE TEMPEST*. Edited by Frank Kermode. Methuen. 16s.

This completely revised edition of the Arden *Tempest* offers a finely prepared text and apparatus. The notes contain much new material, and there are appendices on the music of the play (including music not previously printed), and performances on the Jacobean stage.

Mr. Kermode's brilliant introduction discusses theories of earlier versions than the Folio text, and of the 'masque' as an occasional or spurious addition; but insists on "the right to interpret the play exactly as it stands, for no one has even half succeeded in disintegrating it." His examination of *The Tempest* as a pastoral drama concerned with the opposition of Nature and Art starts with Caliban, "the ground of the play" and the dark element that paradoxically illuminates "the world of art, nurture, civility; the world which none the less nourishes the malice of Antonio and the guilt of Alonso . . ." The influence of the Bermuda pamphlets and travel literature of the period, the attitude of the Old World to the New, Prospero as the representative of Art and Caliban of Nature, and Shakespeare's "richly analytical approach to ideas, which never reaches after a naked opinion of true or false", are considered at length; but Mr. Kermode's main interest here is in the pattern as a whole.

"The romantic story is, then, the mode in which Shakespeare made his last poetic investigation into the supernatural elements in the human soul and in human society. His thinking is Platonic, though never schematic; and he had deliberately chosen the pastoral tragicomedy as the genre in which this inquiry is best pursued. The pastoral romance gave him the opportunity for a very complex comparison between the worlds of Art and Nature; and the tragicomic form enabled him to concentrate the whole story of apparent disaster, penitence, and forgiveness into one happy misfortune, controlled by a divine Art."

The reader who finds the webs of conjecture spun by some critics an odd sort of ermine to Shakespeare's splendour will enjoy the comment on some aspects of the research into analogues of the *Tempest* fable: "This weird structure of Bulgarian, Byzantine, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and German testimony is a prize mare's nest, and it is politic to avoid stirring it any further." He will also be grateful for so richly suggestive an essay.

L. H.

AN ESSAY IN CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. By Dom Illtyd Trethowan. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

BLACK POPES. Authority: Its Use and Abuse. By Archbishop Roberts, S.J. Longmans. 8s. 6d.

Dom Illtyd Trethowan's book is a cogent exposition of the philosophical doctrines that a Roman Catholic can profess, and an acute criticism of logical positivism. St. Augustine rather than St. Thomas is his authority, some of the

Thomist arguments—notably about existentialist metaphysics—being found unsatisfactory.

Certainty, it is argued, as the character of intelligence (here intended to mean 'seeing into' things) leads to metaphysical experience; and this Christian *intellectualism* is carefully distinguished, on the one hand from "a *rationalism*, which, although it may start with experience, ends in abstractions, and on the other from an *irrationalism* which reduces experience to the merely subjective." In demonstrating the falsity of the opposition between intellectual and sensible knowledge, Dom Trethowan examines fairly, and disposes of, the obstacles in the way of acknowledging 'metaphysical certainty', and the difficulties that arise in a consideration of the nature of God.

For his book to be acceptable in its entirety to non-Roman Catholics, as he hopes it will be, certain aspects of his argument would have needed elucidation. How, one wonders, does he reconcile these statements: "Truth . . . does not belong exclusively to either of us. It is common property . . . It is something to which we have to give the most entire submission. We are thus brought into contact with . . . the object of the mind itself . . . This must be God" and "He (the Catholic philosopher) may adopt any position which is compatible with revealed truths, although as a matter of discipline he may be told not to broadcast them for the time being."

Again, he quotes with approval Dr. J. P. Wroe's comment: "Circumstances do arise in which moral order (refraining from craniotomy) results in physical evil (two natural deaths), whereas the moral and physical evil of craniotomy results in the physical benefit of saving a life." A moral theologian can safely have a 'tender' conscience about such matters; but when Dom Trethowan later agrees that the killing of the innocent is sin, one is entitled to enquire in what way the deliberate refusal to save a mother's life differs from 'the killing of the innocent'.

On the subject of nature red in tooth and claw Dom Trethowan can think up nothing better than the smooth comment: it looks as though "the brutes do not suffer as we do; we know too little about the psychology for it to present us with any real problems"—which is cruel nonsense.

Archbishop Roberts has written a remarkably frank book about the use and abuse of authority, even in his Church. He gives to obedience the spiritual meaning and value stressed by St. Ignatius; and shows how it illuminates family life and the relations between God and the individual, between employers and employed, state and people—though his unqualified praise of Dr. Salazar's police state is surely a little odd. Obedience, he insists, requires the full exercise of the mind; and in the pages on ecclesiastical evils, and consequent vicissitudes of the Jesuit Order, he illustrates the false and true practice of religious obedience.

It is unfortunate, though, that a determination to appeal to the laity is responsible for this sort of thing (the reference is to conventual life):

"Sister also dusts her soul just as regularly and efficiently twice a day, searching lynx-eyed for the elusive speck; once or more a week, everything 'turned out' for confession; and then, retreats, above all, the big spring cleaning one where the soul emerges polished so bright that her Spouse can see Himself in her."

L. H.

E2

EARLY FATHERS FROM THE PHILOKALIA. Together with some writings of St. Abba Dorotheus, St. Isaac of Syria and St. Gregory Palamas. Selected and translated from the Russian text *Dobrotolubiye* by E. Kadloubovsky and G. E. H. Palmer. Faber and Faber. 35s.

The Greek Philokalia, a collection of writings of holy fathers of the Orthodox Church made by Macarius of Corinth and Nicodemus of the Holy Mountain, was published in Venice in 1792. It is from the Russian version, the *Dobrotolubiye*, by Theophan the Recluse that the editors have made this selection—chiefly from works of the third to the seventh centuries. It is an impressive anthology of the doctrines, meditations and practices of St. Antony the Great, St. Mark the Ascetic, Abba Evagrius, St. Nilus of Sinai, St. Abba Dorotheus, St. Isaac of Syria, St. Maximus the Confessor and the blessed Theodore. The appendices include two writings by St. Gregory Palamas, and passages on the practice of ceaseless prayer written by one of the compilers of the Philokalia.

The fathers wrote for those with much understanding and also for the novice in religious discipline, whom St. Antony the Great reminded:

"Some of those who stop in inns are given beds, while others having no beds stretch themselves on the floor and sleep as soundly as those in beds. In the morning when night is over, all alike get up and leave the inn, carrying away with them only their own belongings. It is the same with those who tread the path of this life: both those who have lived in modest circumstances and those who had wealth and fame, leave this life like an inn, taking with them no worldly comforts or riches, but only what they have done in this life, whether it be good or bad."

The profundity and spiritual beauty of their teachings are familiar to few of us; but this valuable book, prepared with devoted care, makes clear their concern for "the true themes and principles of the authentic original Christian tradition".

NATURE AND THE GREEKS. By Erwin Schrödinger. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

PLATO: SOCRATIC DIALOGUES. Translated by W. D. Woodhead. Introduction by G. C. Field. Nelson. 10s. 6d.

In the Shearman lectures delivered at University College, London, in 1948—now printed in book form—Professor Schrödinger's purpose was to justify the renescent interest in ancient thought, which is prompted, he believes, by the present attitude of religion and science, and by "the inordinately critical situation in which nearly all the fundamental sciences find themselves ever more disconcertingly enveloped". It is the recognition that our foundations, scientific and philosophical, need critical re-examination which encourages a fresh study of that period when knowledge was not divided into water-tight compartments.

"It is my opinion that the philosophy of the ancient Greek attracts us at this moment because never before or since, anywhere in the world, has anything like their highly advanced and articulated system of knowledge and speculation been established *without* the fateful division which has hampered

us for centuries and has become unendurable in our days . . . By the serious attempt to put ourselves back into the intellectual situation of the ancient thinkers, far less experienced as regards the actual behaviour of nature, but also very often much less biased, we may regain from them their freedom of thought—albeit possibly in order to use it, aided by our superior knowledge of facts, for correcting early mistakes of theirs that may still be baffling us.”

To outline in a small book leading ideas of some of the greatest of the Greek thinkers and trace the continuity between them and the feature of our ‘scientific world-picture’ is a considerable achievement; and the clarity of *Nature and the Greeks* makes it an excellent introduction to an important subject.

Plato’s *Euthyphro*, *Apology for Socrates*, *Crito*, *Phaedo* and *Gorgias* have been admirably translated by Professor Woodhead, and edited to meet the needs of the university student. Professor Field’s valuable introduction reminds the general reader that the dialogues do not set out a complete philosophical system but are rather ‘occasional essays’; and gives a summary of the main dialogues. He suggests that they should be regarded as “sections of Plato’s thinking”, and opportunities, to some extent, for him to bring forward ideas “for a trial run without wishing to be finally committed to them.”

CHRISTIAN REALISM AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

Professor Reinhold Niebuhr, in the essays on political, social, ethical and religious themes collected here, criticizes the lack of realism in contemporary culture—“the soft utopianism of the liberal world and the hard utopianism of communism”—as compared to Christian ‘realism’. He distinguishes, however, between the spirit of liberalism and its creed, which he distrusts.

The political philosophy which can be approved emerges in the examination of conservative and liberal attitudes in America, and their influence on foreign policy. Professor Niebuhr regards the conservative creed elaborated in British history as, in part, “the product of Christian rather than ‘idealistic’ approaches to the perennial facts of human nature”; and from this point of view he trenchantly discusses the illusion of world government, the evils of communism and the anomaly of European socialism. It must not be inferred that such a philosophy would self-interestedly defend the *status quo* or support in the Church any sanctification of injustice or social evil associated with the established order. Rather, as formulated here, this conservative creed is to be valued because it “emphasized historical rather than abstract mode of social engineering, and recognized the perennial sources of recalcitrance to moral norms in human life.” And to it is added insistence on the need of “a pragmatic attitude towards every institution of property and of government, recognizing that none of them are as sacrosanct as some supposedly Christian or secular system of law has made them, that all of them are subject to corruption and that their abolition is also subject to corruption.”

If Professor Niebuhr’s analyses are to some degree prompted by the present situation in America, his dislike for liberalism is fortified by his acceptance of St. Augustine’s ideas. Indeed his central argument is the supreme importance for our age of the saint’s political realism.

"He is presented as a significant figure . . . because he manages to escape some of the obvious errors in both Christian and secular theories, and does so, not fortuitously but upon the basis of an interpretation of human selfhood (and a concomitant theory of the egotism of which the self is guilty) which enables him to view the heights of human creativity and the depths of human destructiveness, which avoids the errors of moral sentimentality and cynicism, and their alternate corruptions of political systems of both secular and Christian thinkers."

The book is a notable contribution to the subject of Christian responsibility in the world, and a reminder that if the positive task is to present the Christian Gospel to nations as well as to individuals, there is no way of transforming it into "a system of historical optimism."

L. H.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Translated and Edited with an Introduction by Francis Steegmuller. Hamish Hamilton, 1954. 18s.

When a creative artist lives half a century or more and his published work is comparatively meagre then his letters are apt to furnish us with a rich feast. So it is with Gustave Flaubert. Thousands of epistles flow from that 'ivory tower' in Croisset, the greater part of them inspired (as Mr. Steegmuller puts it) by "a vague but driving vision of a good society".

There is in these letters no 'escapism', in the sense of the writer's indifference to what happens in the world around him. On the contrary here are the thoughts and the values that, if heeded, might have saved our civilisation. Here is the sensitivity and the presbyopic vision that might have checked our Gadarene 'democracy', and compelled even Money to abandon its delight in destruction. As Flaubert wrote, in 1897, "There are two alternatives: Evolution, or Miracle. We must choose". Now, having ignored, even whilst crucifying, all our great men, we dream, hopelessly, of a miracle. The author of *Madame Bovary* was one of those awkward customers who cannot come to terms with industrial progress, the factory system, Socialism or the Warfare State; and, as Goethe said: "Against superiority there is no defence but love". There is, of course, hate. *Madame Bovary* was attacked for 'obscenity'. But the weapons of malice have a queer trick of twisting in the hands of those who wield them, so that the haters go down to dusty death, and the maligned live on in glory. Flaubert maintained his integrity; and, of his correspondence, the French critic, Albert Thibaudet says: "*Elle doit être tenue pour un bréviaire de l'honneur littéraire*".

Today it is too late to say we need such integrity, for plainly we must reap the tares we have sown. Yet the fanaticism of the artist is deeply moving to contemplate; and, when this beggar-your-neighbour epoch has passed, these values alone can rehabilitate the human soul, and start a decent way of living once again.

To authors, and all those enamoured of Literature, Flaubert's letters must for ever prove fascinating. With him there could be no dividing line between his art and his everyday existence. In a 'love letter', to Louise Colet, he says: "Distinctions between thought and style are a sophism". He did not see 'style' as a mere ornament, as a tapestry on a wall, but as a sword held firmly in the hand and directed, with valiant effectiveness, by heart and soul.

To say of such a man that he was 'interested only in Art', is equivalent to declaring him interested 'only' in Beauty and Truth, in Man's place in Nature under God.

Here is a good and valuable book, containing 250 pages of the finest letters written in our modern world. It is well produced, and the work of translation is excellent. Something of permanent value offered amid contemporary incoherence.

M. C.

BOUQUET FOR THE DOCTOR. By Dorothy Fisk, with a preface by Sir Alexander Fleming, F.R.S. Cr. 8vo. London: Heinemann Ltd. 18s. net.

During the past year, the anniversary of the birth of Leonardo da Vinci was celebrated by the appearance of numerous books about him; in many of these the authors dealt with the History of Medicine.

Dorothy Fisk gives us an epitome of the work of doctors, starting with the unqualified medicine man and ending with the researches of the present day. Her title "Bouquet for the Doctor" is sometimes well deserved, but alas, her next book could be "Thorns for the Doctor", because the cause and cure of so many ills are still undiscovered. The Physician of old although he was without degrees achieved many cures. Medicine and Priestcraft were not separated and it seems possible that they were the forerunners of the modern psychiatrist, e.g. "The patient was not himself because his self or soul had been supplanted by an evil spirit". The earliest records about medicine were in the second millennium B.C. There were disadvantages in being a doctor, "If the doctor operates on a wound with a copper lancet and the patient dies, or on the eye of a gentleman who loses his eye in consequence, his hands shall be cut off"; nothing is mentioned of the penalty if the patient happens to be a lady. A few of the prescriptions must be quoted:—

"Half an onion mixed with froth of beer for constipations. This is also a delightful remedy against death."

"A hog's tooth, cat's dung, dog's dung, samu oil, berries of the ket plant; Pound and apply as poultice".

In Roman days the status of a doctor was that of a slave, who was bought and sold in the market; the average price for a doctor was £60; to-day the doctor is still a slave of the public, but a willing one. Julius Caesar thought a lot of the medical profession and made the physicians citizens of the Empire. Asclepiades in 40 B.C. had a medical school on the Greek pattern and took his pupils with him on his rounds. Early in the twelfth century no one could start a medical course until he was 21; he must also have credit for a three years' course of general education. The twelfth century saw the beginning of St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomews' Hospitals. From this time the profession really began to improve and we come across such pioneers as Gilbertyn, John of Gaddesdon and Friende. In 1602, Harvey, a favourite of the Queen received the degree of doctor of physic, and Sydenham, known as the English Hippocrates followed him. Before this, in 1518, the Royal College of Physicians had received its Charter from Henry VIII. Later Jenner who discovered vaccination against smallpox, Simpson who put Chloroform on the map, Semmellweiss who was the real discoverer of the cause of puerperal sepsis, Lister and Pasteur who

found out about asepsis and anti-sepsis, Koch whose name is associated with the tubercle bacillus, Ehrlich and Wassermann, all shared in the evolution of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery. In more recent years, Colebrooke had much to do with the use of the valuable sulphonamides; Miss Fisk does not mention him. Finally, Fleming who has written an introduction to this book has done so much for the world by his discovery of and writings on Penicillin. For those who wish to have some knowledge of the History of Medicine without having to resort to one of the large tomes, we can recommend this book. It could be used as a Text-book for students.

The authoress writes in a clear and succinct manner; the lay public will read it without becoming hypochondriacs. The illustrations are praiseworthy, and the publication is what we always expect and get from the firm of Heinemann.

B. S.

THE ART OF PAUL VALÉRY. A Study in Dramatic Monologue. By Francis Scarfe. Heinemann. 25s.

Paul Valéry wrote in his essay *Poésie et Pensée Abstraite*: "A poem is designed expressly to be reborn from its ashes, to become once more, and indefinitely, what it has just succeeded in being. The distinguishing mark of poetry lies in its inherent property of being able to reproduce itself within the form of its structure. It stimulates us to reconstitute its identity" (Trans. Gerard Hopkins); and in his *Lettre à Madame Croiza*: "La poésie n'est pas la musique; elle est encore moins le discours. C'est peut-être cet ambigu qui fait sa délicatesse. On peut dire qu'elle va chanter, plus qu'elle ne chante; et qu'elle va s'expliquer, plus qu'elle ne s'explique." His conception of poetry's function and of the poet's labour as the transformation of the common language—"the perpetually changing, muddled, maid-of-all-work"—into a crystal-clear medium of communication, his attitude to the 'accidental' presence of inspiration, the qualities of his mind: all these give to his poems their extraordinary subtlety of form and music. As Mr. Francis Scarfe remarks:

"Valéry worked in depth, and any theme taken as a point of departure tended to develop more important implications than its surface suggestion. The ambiguity of detail in Valéry is as nothing, compared with the major scale of ambiguity to which he chose to work."

Mr. Scarfe's main thesis is that the poetry shows "an evolution from the internal monologue to the drama and theatre itself", that his poetic development "depended on a need to dramatise the relationship of the human mind to the body, and the various potentialities of the Self in relation to the conflicting desires of the personality." The structure of the major poems, the Dialogues, the *libretti*, and of *Mon Faust* and *Le Solitaire*, are examined from this point of view, and also the language, the imaginary and the themes; but as well as the brilliant analysis, the final effect of each poem is considered. Thus Mr. Scarfe comments:

"If the poem (*La Jeune Parque*) introduces us literally into a private universe of a single existence, it creates also a universe of sound, of intricate perceptible patterns of imagery and meaning which engage the attention even when the gist of the discourse seems impenetrable."

and again,

"Perhaps it is wise to see them (*La Jeune Parque* and *Le Cimetière Marin*) as high achievements in two entirely different provinces: the *Parque* as a poem in which the effective and musical elements dominate through the recitative; the *Cimetière* as a solution of a different type of poetical problem, which is how to create from material which is at once personal and metaphysical, a 'music of Ideas'."

There is a very interesting critical section of French studies of the poet; and Mr. Scarfe's book must rank with the best of them. Its sensitive and searching interpretation fully illuminates Valéry's declaration: "Between Voice and Thought, Thought and Voice, Presence and Absence, the pendulum of poetry is for ever oscillating."

L. H.

THE AGE OF ABSOLUTISM. By Max Beloff. Hutchinson's University Library. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Beloff's small but penetrating book considers the ideas, institutions and policies of the years 1660 to 1815. The massive structure of political and monarchical absolutism in Europe was to "engender the instruments of its own destruction, or rather of its metamorphosis into the democratic absolutism of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic age." The complicated and shifting pattern is lucidly traced; and the transformation effected by the scientific revolution, the new scepticism, expanding merchantile economies and dynastic greed, and also the impact of the new regime in France, the political doctrines of revolutionary America, are examined with equal care for the needs of the general reader and the student.

This study of the age that ended "only to give way to the new age of 'Democratic Absolutism' that is our own" is a distinguished piece of historical writing.

THE MIND AND HEART OF LOVE. Lion and Unicorn: A Study in Eros and Agape.

By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. Faber and Faber. 25s.

Fr. D'Arcy has now revised *The Mind and Heart of Love*, a book greatly admired for its learning, profound and exact thought, and the dignity and lucidity of its style. In this comprehensive study of Eros and Agape, the forms taken by these two loves rooted in human nature, their relationship, and the way in which "the great movements in history and art and philosophy and religion are influenced by the preference for one or other" of them, are searchingly examined. Each thread, dark, poignant, restless or lovely, woven by animus and anima has its significance; and with sensitive perception and subtle intelligence Fr. D'Arcy traces its source and its end. In Greek thought, in troubadour poetry, in the saints, in contemporary psychology and philosophy, the pattern emerges: Eros and Agape, animus and anima, the essential self and the existential self, are finally seen to be "not enemies, but friends".

"It is in the perspective of divine love that all the strange behaviour of the self and its oscillation between its two loves are understood. One love tends to self-realization, the other to self-effacing; the one is dominant and

possessive, the other is submissive and self-sacrificing. The first is the love of the essential self and perfects itself by reason; the second is the love of the existential self, and it reaches out to other existences and other persons."

These necessary centripetal and centrifugal movements are reconciled and fulfilled when the self can say with St. Paul: "I live; no, I no longer live, but Christ lives in me."

The present edition makes use of some new material, including aspects of Zen Buddhism, and expands and further clarifies certain of the arguments. "Like one of those old medieval maps of the world, love's gazeteer had the most unscientific collocation of places and names. To produce a unified and, so to speak, scientific account of love would be of service, as it would enable one to pass from the poetry to the psychology of it, and from thence to the philosophy and religious expression: and again to have a perspective in which movements such as the romantic or the classical could be picked out and classified and the change-over from individualism to communism take on a new significance."

Such is Fr. D'Arcy's purpose and achievement; and his Thomist pen traces and interprets the design with charity and wisdom.

THE PLATONIC RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND. By Ernst Cassirer. Translated by James P. Pettegrove. Nelson, 15s.

If the ideas of the Cambridge Platonists of the late seventeenth century are familiar to students of Christian mysticism and of the history of English philosophy, their relation to the philosophical movement of the Italian and English Renaissance and to eighteenth-century thought has had comparatively little recognition. The late Professor Cassirer in his *Die platonische Renaissance in England und die Schule von Cambridge*, now translated by his former pupil Mr. Pettegrove, admits to surprise at finding that "here, within a narrow circle of thinkers and in a remote section of the learned world, questions are being hammered out which are to affect the . . . structure of the modern mind."

His study shows that the conception of the Platonic philosophy cherished by, and inspiring, the Cambridge School came from Marsilio Ficino and the Florentine Academy; but that it needed a Shaftesbury to rescue the School from its rigid academic isolation and make it a philosophic force that was to influence German idealism, and in particular men like Winckelmann, Herder, Schiller and Goethe. Cassirer's analysis of the leading Platonists—for example, Whichcote, Henry More, Cudworth, but not the fascinating Traherne—is valuable; and he demonstrates brilliantly that their intellectual achievement is not merely 'a literary curio'.

"... the thinkers of this school play only a modest role in this great intellectual process of development. But it is their undisputed achievement that they did not let the torch they bore go out; and that, in spite of all opposition of contemporary philosophy and all attacks of theological dogmatism, they preserved a nucleus of genuine ancient philosophical tradition, and passed it on uncontaminated to the centuries to come."

EARLY IRISH SOCIETY. Edited by Myles Dillon. 2s.

CONAMARA. By Seán Mac Giollarnáth. With Illustrations by Rowel Friers. 2s.

ART IRLANDAIS. By Françoise Henry. Frs. 150. Published for the Cultural Relations Committee of Ireland. By Colm O Lochlainn. Dublin: At the Sign of The Three Candles.

TARA. The Monuments on the Hill. By Seán P. Ó Ríordáin. Dundalgan Press. 2s. 6d.

The pamphlets issued by the Cultural Relations Committee of Ireland form an excellent series. *Early Irish Society* consists of lectures planned by the Council of Radio Éireann and broadcast in the autumn of 1953 by members of the staff of the School of Celtic Studies in the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies. The lectures on the Irish language and literature, on early Irish society, secular institutions and legends are authoritative yet carefully designed to be of general interest. The pleasant and gaily illustrated essay on Conamara relates its history and describes its landscape, its people and their way of life. Dr. Françoise Henry's *Art Irlandais* has a fine set of plates showing the detail of crosses, chalices, jewellery and illuminated manuscripts. Her scholarly and perceptive text discusses the origins and phases in the development of Irish art, and concludes:

"Sur ces données antiques, élaborées en une dialectique savante bien éloignée des impulsions obscures du primitif, a été édité un système artistique à la fois subtil, cohérent et harmonieux dans son étrangeté. Et ce songe labyrinthueux, cette effervescence disciplinée d'imagination n'ont cessé de hanter et de troubler ceux qui, au cours des siècles, se sont trouvés face à face avec eux."

Professor Seán P. Ó Ríordáin's *Tara* was given as one of the "Thomas Davis Lectures" on Radio Éireann in 1953. It has now been expanded, and photographs added. Its lucid account of the earth works now visible make it a valuable guide for the visitor to the Hill of Tara.

PARIS. By Martin Hürlimann. Thames & Hudson. 21s.

Dr. Martin Hürlimann has produced a book of magnificent photographs, his aim being, "to show the buildings of Paris as monuments to the cultivated mind; a worthy contribution on the part of French genius to the works of man." He succeeds admirably, the pictures being supplemented by an interesting text.

Now that the promenade des Anglais et des Irlandais has been checked (if not halted) by the science of our Warfare State, it is good to be reminded—if only by the camera's eye—that La Ville Lumière still stands, the Seine flowing between her ancient and imperishable stones, to give promise of some permanence in the midst of incoherent but jubilant anarchy.

At the old-time Parisian banquets some speaker would surely proclaim: "Every man has two countries, his own and France." Now Dr. Hürlimann

brings this second motherland to our exiled eyes; and the turning of these leaves will evoke a nostalgic sigh travelling, though not very hopefully, from Dublin to Seattle, from Bournemouth to Cape Town.

Here is mirrored the Lutetia of the Romans, the 'Gay City' of world tourism, and the 'Paname' of Poiliu and artist. As Sydney Sith said: "Paris,—it is shorthand for Paradise."

M. C.

COCTEAU ON THE FILM: A Conversation recorded by André Fraigneau. Dennis Dobson, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

The views of the poet on a mechanised form of entertainment, which he himself dealt in and moulded, are of peculiar interest. Perhaps our sole hope of not being enslaved by machines (and machine-men) lies in the possibility of the creative spirit dominating the scene. The industrialist's mind becomes ossified by greed and fear; and injections of money do nothing to cure his 'fixations'. His techniques harden into blind dogma. When he deals with art (on any level) he cannot apprehend that, if a production fails *artistically* it will, in the long run, fail *financially*.

Monsieur Cocteau says: "The tragedy of the cinematograph lies in its having to be successful immediately." That is a financial dogma, and, in the last thirty years, usury has brought it into the world of the Theatre, with ruinous consequences. You don't open a tea-shop on the calculation that it must make a certain sum within the first week. As for wars, they are 'business as usual'; and the longer they go on the better for everyone—or everyone who really counts.

Against the dogma and *expertise* of the "experienced" commercial producers Jean Cocteau sets the flair and audacity of the artist. And, describing one of his happy results, he adds: "Miracles of that kind are fairly common with people who calculate only by instinct."

Controlled entertainment flatters the mob, and, by its very easiness of apprehension, persuades 'democracies' that they are freer and finer than their forefathers, that they understand science and metaphysics, and that every ledger-clerk and shop-girl is a born art-critic. So new, 'quick-witted' audiences have come into existence, and, from their couch in the darkened 'palaces' they imbibe facile theories on 'progress', Einstein, 'the struggle for survival', and the benefits of State rule. Slower wits, with their old-fashioned books, may pause and think. Celluloid moves too rapidly and smoothly. There must be shock-appeal, and the over-simplified; the intemperate and the sensational viewpoints. Professor Pavlov discovered much the same thing when experimenting with dogs.

Cocteau says: "Our business is not to obey the public, which doesn't know what it wants, but to compel it to follow us." Alas! the old-time magazine editors said the same thing; but where are they, and their magazines, today? Industry has to 'make money', and make it quickly. And only the financier knows what 'making money' means. In the fight between Man the Artist and Machine-Man no one can gain a real victory save the Artist: but it becomes increasingly plain that in this insensate struggle humanity may very well suffer defeat.

This book has an interest, not merely for film technicians and intelligent film-goers, but for all those concerned with the position of cultured man in his fight against barbarism. The wisdom of Cocteau is modestly and deftly evoked by the subtle questioning of Monsieur André Fraigneau. M. C.

A NEW HANDBOOK ON HANGING. By Charles Duff. Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d.

The present edition of *A New Handbook on Hanging*—first published in 1928—has been revised and includes the most recent information about capital punishment in those countries where the death penalty has not been abolished. Mr. Duff examines all the horrible details of the suffering involved; and ironically praises hangmen and State reticence, and also bishops, judges and political opportunists for the virtue they discover in barbarity. Arguments in favour of a punishment that is no deterrent to murder are here so wittily drawn and quartered that its supporters, whether well-meaning or influenced by vindictiveness speciously disguised, would be inconsistent to avoid such elegant dispatch at Mr. Duff's urbane hands. Perhaps he will one day address an equally eloquent plea to murderers. They too are indifferent to the finality of their actions, and as shockingly unmindful of their victims' pain.

JORKENS BORROWS ANOTHER WHISKEY. By Lord Dunsany. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

Those readers who are familiar with the character of Joseph Jorkens know what to expect from the latest book of short stories in the Jorkens series, *Jorkens Borrows Another Whiskey*. In this, the fifth book of the series, Lord Dunsany carries on the tradition he first created a quarter century ago. Throughout the thirty-four stories, we have Jorkens—who is undoubtedly Lord Dunsany's most memorable creation—a garrulous, dogmatic, loveable old scamp, recounting his prodigious experiences in life to an incredulous group of cronies in the somewhat seedy Billiards Club in London; and we have Terbut, whose sole interest in life is to disprove one of the Jorkens anecdotes, still trying, but only a frustrated foil to the wit of his rival. Ranging from diamond poaching in Africa to diabolism in an English school, Jorken's experiences are as tall as a New York skyscraper, and all are stamped with the usual and ingenious Dunsanian twist.

TEACHING THROUGH PLAY. A Teacher's Handbook on Games. By Leslie Daiken. Pitman. 8s. 6d.

THREE-FOLD ENGLISH. Book III. By M. G. Rawlins. Cassell.

Mr. Leslie Daiken, who is an authority on the subject of children's games and toys, has written a very useful little book for teachers about traditional games and their historical background. He shows how the material can be related to different subjects on the curriculum, and how toys—there are several handwork suggestions—can be a stimulus in class to the very young, and to older children.

Three-Fold English is presumably, for the age group is not stated, designed to interest children who are beginning to take pleasure in writing down their ideas. It provides a cleverly-arranged programme for a year's work; but, like similar text-books, it seems to take for granted teachers too unimaginative and inexperienced to plan their own class-work.

THE PEOPLE OF THE SEA. By David Thomson. Turnstile Press. 12s. 6d.

Mr. David Thompson is fascinated by seals, and to collect all that he could of tradition and fact about them he went to the Hebrides, to Kerry and Mayo, to the Shetland and Orkney Islands. The islanders and fishermen evidently found him the perfect listener; and as he, with great and unobtrusive art, retells their stories, fantastic, diverting or sad, the reader can see their gestures in the light of a paraffin lamp in small rooms, and hear the tones of their voices, the sound of the sea, the wild lonely cries of the seals. There is an appendix on seal music and the melodies to which they respond that will delight those familiar with Dr. Dr. Ludwig Koch's recordings on the island of Skomer. *The People of the Sea* is a remarkable and beautifully written book.

DAUMIER. Caricaturist. By Henry James.

POOR MINETTE. The Letters of Two French Cats. By P.-J. Stahl. Translated by Julian Jacobs.

OLD ENGLISH COFFEE HOUSES.

MINIATURE BOOKS. The Rodale Press. 5s. each.

The *Miniature Books* are a new series intended to contain small works chosen with discrimination. The first to appear are Henry James's felicitous essay on Daumier; the enchanting story of Minette that Pierre-Jules Hetzel, under his pen-name P.-J. Stahl, wrote for his collections of *Scenes from the Public and Private Life of Animals* to which Balzac and Alfred de Musset contributed; and a diverting essay on the old London coffee houses. The books are so admirably produced and illustrated that the collector with a modest purse has every reason to be grateful to The Rodale Press for its project.

HOSPITAL AT WORK. Published for the Middlesex Hospital by Max Parrish, London. 3/6 net.

Teaching by pictures becomes more common every day. Starting with the magic lantern, there has been a gradual evolution until the cinema, especially through the medium of coloured films, is now extensively used for conveying information to students and post-graduates; this applies particularly to operative technique.

The great Middlesex Hospital has produced a series of 150 illustrations, showing surgical and medical work from all angles, starting with the admission of a patient, demonstrating various diagnostic methods, until we finally find a patient before and after a major operation. The engineering and food departments are not forgotten. No Hospital can boast of a more efficient medical and surgical staff than "the Middlesex", and this "Hospital at work" will be of interest to the lay and medical public, but especially it will be of estimable value in schools and social service classes.

B. S.

TO NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM. By David Marcus. Macmillan and Co. Ltd. 12s. 6d.

A novel dealing with the impact of Ireland on the Jew was, we suppose, inevitable. There seems to be a kind of tradition that the Jewish novelist should

at one time or another confront the dominant gentile world of the country in which he lives with his own exotic religious and racial background. Since the beginning of this century, German, French, American and even Egyptian Jewish writers have used this theme. Israel Zangwill showed the way in England and of his successors, Louis Golding is the most successful. David Marcus's *To Next Year in Jerusalem* has the same pattern with perhaps, because of the recent emergence of the Jewish State, a stronger emphasis on Jewish nationalism. In the end it is this nationalism that settles the young Jewish hero's dilemma; marriage to the Irish Catholic girl who loves him and whom he appears to love with the consequent disturbance of his own religious loyalties and parental obligations. Priggishly the young man decides that he can put the temptation of a misalliance behind him by uprooting himself from the country whose language (unlike most of the natives) he speaks and where priest and laity alike have accepted him as Chairman of the Parish Club in the small western town of Drumcoole.

The abandonment of the girl may be accurate observation but truth is often less plausible than invention and, in any case, there is nothing particularly heroic in walking out on a girl, no matter how loudly ancestral voices may call. In fact, in a novel whose characters have nearly all sweet natures, the hero turns out to be the most unpleasant in the end.

Here and there we find evidence of Mr. Marcus's ability to write good prose but the explanatory details of Jewish ritual and nationalism are inclined to be wearisome. There is an over-sprinkling of Yiddish in the dialogue of the Jewish characters and, curiously enough, the transliteration of this language follows rules that exist only for the author himself. Even when Hebrew is transliterated, grammar and pronunciation are distorted. Such faults, however, will not be noticed by the average reader. There is enough good writing in this first novel to make us look forward to Mr. Marcus's next effort.

A. J. L.

SCHOOL FOR HOPE. By Michael McLaverty. Jonathan Cape. 12/6.

This book is associated in my mind with our Dublin Municipal Gallery—with Corot's tree and Constable's "Brighton". A quick-glancing, would-be see-all visitor walks past these paintings without noticing them. There are so many bigger canvases, with colours more arrestive. Though *School for Hope* has been singled out by perceptive readers ("a small masterpiece", "a work of art") it still escapes the attention of many. Five novels have preceded it—the circle is widening, but the tide of recognition rises slowly . . . round the coast of Ireland. Across the Atlantic the author is acclaimed.

The story centres round the relations of a girl-teacher (Nora Byrne) and the headmaster of her school. There is conflict in Nora's soul, questions of right and wrong. Mr. McLaverty writes intimately, passionately and with searching directness. . . . Scenes become symbolic: one likes to linger on them for their beauty, and intrinsic value. Here is one:— Nora has been taken by the headmaster to a concert in the nearby city, Belfast.. "Driving out from the city after the concert the moon shone ahead of them, shining so hard and clear that the stars were almost blotted out under its wide-spreading radiance. The shadows of

the trunks lay as solid as planks on the tarred road, and in the pockets of the hills the gables of the houses shone white and the roof slates glistened coldly like the skin of a salmon."—Then, when the house has been reached—the house in which Nora lives with two old sisters, Elisabeth and Mary Devlin—"as she stepped from the shadow of the gable on to the path she saw a light glide into the dining-room. It was Mary; and through the window she watched her put the lamp on the sideboard, take out the cutlery and lay the table for the morning. Her actions were quiet yet studied moving always so that the light fell on the table . . . Nora continued to watch until the table was laid. Then Mary lifted lamp and held it above her head, her eye ranging over her work with loving care. She touched a spoon, a napkin, rearranged a few daffodils in their vase and with a last look at the table she ambled from the room.

In bed that night with the lace curtains hanging quiet at the open window that scene of Mary laying the table came back to her unwittingly and she knew that it would come again on nights like these when the moon would be whitening the gables of the houses and shining like dew upon the fields . . . Quietness and whiteness—that was Mary: a woman without guile." Nora, troubled at heart, is accusing herself of guile.

T. D.

BRIDE'S GLEN. By Jean Herbert. Mills & Boon. 9s. 6d.

Detecting similarities is an age-long pastime. Often it has pleased me to call Jean Herbert the Anthony Trollope of our days. It is amusing now to hear of the slightly contemptuous attitude taken by certain readers of the last century towards the work of Anthony Trollope. He was not to be mentioned in the room where people discoursed with ardour on the merits of Thackeray. What brought about the change? What has made those so superior critics seem somewhat foolish? To my mind the good sense and humility (twin brothers surely!) that urged Trollope *not* to preach—

In a like way Jean Herbert sets to work. The author of *Bride's Glen* does not aspire to reveal truths yet undreamed of, not to plunge fathoms deeper than ever explored. She simply aims to entertain—I think. She has the gift of life-touch, and with truly 'Trollopean' industry has cultivated it to the utmost. Life springs up to us from these pages. The story is romantic, in an Irish setting. "Lady Whitmore had taken Clonree House, furnished from her friend Lady Fiona Burke, who owned it but lived in Bournemouth. Lady Fiona painted bright pictures of the neighbourhood, so full of English settlers that it was almost a new colony."—There is a marriageable daughter to be thought of so when Michael Forrey's decides to buy an estate not far away hopes run high. Michael plans to farm . . . to devote time to the land. But snares are laid. Chief among the intriguers is a widow—Stasia Broom—dark, mysterious and unscrupulous; sympathy is not with her; the truly innocent character triumphs in the end, and we smile when Stasia, accompanied by her father, drifts away to "some sea-side place." Would it be Dun Laoghaire?—"Some weeks later an elegant lady with (when she remembered) a sad expression moved her deck chair into a strategic position on the promenade of an Irish sea-side resort . . . She adjusted her dark glasses, and gazed out to sea . . . Stasia Broom loved the sun. She loved attention. In the evenings her success was riotous . . ." . . . Jean Herbert has a delicious sense of humour.

T. D.

THE KEY THAT RUSTS. By Isobel English. Andre Deutsch. 10s. 6d.

To observe intimately someone else's ardent love affair would seem rather dreary entertainment for a young woman, but Sandy, the narrator in *The Key That Rusts*, enjoys it. From her flat to her aunt's, from her dull office to a country cottage, she hurries with an indulgent, then irritated and finally worried eye on her step-brother Sam. He is married, amorous and fat, and is encouraged in Wagnerian remorse when the latest of his women friends has a mental breakdown. Sandy herself is an odd mixture of sophistication, cosiness and penetration as she discusses matters with her vehement, unpredictable aunt and her very casual lover. Few of the shabby, rather grotesque people are fully realized as characters—Sam's unfortunate wife, for example, is little more than a set of exposed teeth and red darting tongue—but Miss English has written a witty and lively, if extravagant first novel.

THE GRAVEL PATCH. By Richard Goynes. Stanley Paul. 9s. 6d.

PAPER MONEY. By Joan Butler. Stanley Paul. 9s. 6d.

SHADOW ON THE HEARTH. By Judith Merrill. Sidgwick and Jackson. 9s. 6d.

George Rochester, in *The Gravel Patch*, is editor of three magazines and "a library of novelettes entitled Life and Love Stories." On his fiftieth birthday he realizes that he is a failure; but his closest friend and his illegitimate daughter—who has come from her Paris studio for the purpose—persuade him that he can write a great novel. They are convinced, rather oddly, that his lengthy monologues, full of common sense, on politics, marriage, morality and religion, will be splendid material. Rochester, therefore, leaves his indifferent family for an unknown destination and, with the help of the daughter from Paris, writes his book. The story ends happily, if unexpectedly. Its dialogue is stiff and sometimes embarrassing, its construction awkward; but one does not doubt Mr. Goynes's sincerity.

Miss Butler's latest tale is about a famous novelist, Windham, who lives as a recluse. One of his books is to be filmed, and when he learns that a beautiful Hollywood star and her publicity manager are coming to discuss it, he begs a nephew, just arrived for a rest after strangling boa constrictors in Brazil, to protect him from the two women. Windham is not, however, quite what he seems—as his unwanted house-party discovers. One servant, a butler, is rather harshly required by Miss Butler to cope with the mansion, the guests and their elaborate meals, and to take his full share in the witticisms. *Paper Money* will undoubtedly entertain those who do not object to an overworked joke, if it is also broad.

Shadow on the Hearth, advertised as "first-class science fiction", tells of the experiences of a family and neighbours in a New York suburb during an undeclared atomic war. It reads as if a popular article on the atom bomb had been lightly pressed into the material suitable to an even more popular journal for the housewife. The result is a trivial story.

THE GIPSY IN THE PARLOUR. By Margery Sharp. Collins. 10s. 6d.

PHOENIX FLED. By Attia Hosain. Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.

The Gipsy in the Parlour is a delightful little comedy. It begins:

"In the heat of a spacious August noon, in the heart of the great summer of 1870, the three famous Sylvester women waited in their parlour to receive and make welcome the fourth.

"Themselves matched the day. The parlour was hot as a hothouse, not a window was open, all three women were big, strongly-corseted, amply-petticoated, layered chin to toe in flannel, cambric, and silk at a guinea a yard. Their broad, handsome faces were scarlet, their temples moist. . . . Nature had so cheerfully designed them that even wash-day left them fair-tempered; before the high festivity of a marriage their spirits rose, expanded, and bloomed to a solar pitch of stately jollification."

The story of the coming to the Devon farm-house, once a manor, of the small, slender, sweet-voiced woman who was to be their sister-in-law, and of her malice and intrigues, is told by the small girl who spends her holidays there. Miss Sharp has complete control of her material: the long summer days, the rambling house, the superb aunts and their huge, silent husbands, the plaintive newcomer, are portrayed exactly as they would appear to an observant and engagingly meddlesome child.

The world of *Phoenix Fled*—a collection of short stories—is narrow but colourful: the compound where servants, miserably-paid and overworked, ask only for their familiar customs, and prosperity for their sons; young brides, tinsel-decked and henna-stained for the rites of an arranged marriage, or, with a purdah background, timidly trying to understand a westernized husband: children who have no childhood. Miss Hosain writes of what she intimately and sensitively understands; and her stories of frustration and fugitive pleasures, delicate but firm in outline and beautifully told, make a memorable book.

MAN AND BEAST. By Phyllis Bottome. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

Tales about circus trainers of lions and tigers are generally tragic, and in this collection of short stories Miss Bottome provides the expected endings in 'Caesar's Wife's Ear' and 'Henry'. *Man and Beast* is an adroitly-written little book; but it is a pity that sentimentality mars the otherwise exact observation of the relationship between animals and human beings.

THE ROAD TO ADVENTURE. By Jim Ingram. John Long. 15s.

This is an unusual book for its much-travelled author is crippled and has severe eye-trouble, yet he records here with gaiety and enthusiasm his adventures as he tramped alone through Yugoslavia just before the last war. Physical disabilities and limited means are, for Mr. Ingram, facts to be calmly disregarded when a rucksack and his pen can take him to yet another foreign country. Walking from Split to Macedonia, camping out in lonely gorges, visiting primitive villages and the Turkish quarter of Sarajevo, seeing the Dancing Dervishes and a curious rite in a district that believed in vampires, staying in Galichnik, the mountain-top town inhabited for most of the year entirely by women: of such places and the people he met, he writes vividly and with humour.

The second part of the book tells of his visit, after his marriage, to Copenhagen and then, hitch-hiking across Sweden, on to Lapland. Mr. Ingram admits that it was an experiment, but he found to his delight that his wife was the ideal companion for journeys stripped of comfort, and concerned only with the experiences and satisfactions of the austere-dedicated traveller.

THE PINK HOUSE IN ANGEL STREET. The Story of a Family. By Reginald Thompson. Dobson. 15s.

Mr. Reginald Thompson, war-correspondent and author, describes this account of his life since 1947 as "the story of a desperate search for a roof and

a home, and of the many things that were lost and found on the way." *The Pink House in Angel Street* has an intimacy of detail and nervous tension that some readers will dislike, but the writing of it required a courage that deserves respect.

Of an upper middle-class family and a generation—he was born in 1904—still acquainted with freedom and security, Mr. Thompson found himself after the last war facing unfamiliar problems. Despite all his experience as a journalist whose assignments had taken him over much of the world, his talents seemed suddenly unmarketable; and, fighting grimly, he was slowly forced into the ranks of those men, mature and accustomed to command but now unwanted in a cruder, regimented society. The needs of his wife and young children, and his own dread of poverty, made him accept for a time the patronizing and doled-out assistance of a wealthy relative; but it was quite inadequate, and there were always humiliations, makeshift lodgings, acute disappointments, the struggle to write notwithstanding illness and a feeling of defeat. Only the loyalty of his wife and a few friends kept hope for the future alive.

His purpose is not merely to describe vividly a poignant situation, but to consider how a man is to keep his integrity and self-respect in that situation. "I had tried to live all these years with a foot in both worlds. I had tried to make a compromise of my whole life. I began to see myself as a craven figure, not a little ridiculous, standing shivering and posturing on a high diving board, peering over the edge, retreating, and then calling down the long ladder to the world of money I had left for supplies of food and money to be sent up to me." So the ladder was deliberately pushed away, and Mr. Thompson has chosen what he feels to be the only honest road, though it has meant the stark if adventurous way of attempting to keep his family and exercise his literary gifts in a single, poor room. The sincerity, the fervour and the quality of the writing have made of this personal record a memorable book.

YOUNG PHILLIP MADDISON. By Henry Williamson. Macdonald. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Henry Williamson's novel is a fascinating one. It tells of the Edwardian boyhood of Phillip Maddison in a family of many conflicts, and with relatives equally strong-willed and difficult. Phillip and his sisters are painfully aware of their parents' attitude to each other.

"Hetty smiled. There was sadness and resignation, together with an unquenchable sense of fun, in her eyes. Suddenly the fun departed; acute sadness remained, a sense of tragedy, of the perpetual, unchangeable sameness of Dickie always taking the simplest thing she said, in the wrong way. 'I hardly dare ever say anything,' she once confessed, in a tearful moment, to Phillip. 'Father always takes it the wrong way.'"

Richard, jealous, rigid in his integrity, frustrated, and the indulgent Hetty, have little influence on their wary and rebellious son. The adult world is, for him, one to be cajoled or disobeyed; and only his mother realizes that the self-will and sensitivity that so irritate Richard have been inherited from him.

Young Phillip Maddison is an admirable and detailed portrait of the suburban family, and of a period; and the wild life in woods and coverts of nearby estates, already threatened by an encroaching London, where the boy forgets "the constrictions and denials of home and school", is perfectly described.

"IT LEAVES THEM COLD." By Kevin O'Hara. Hurst & Blackett. 9s. 6d. net.

Kevin O'Hara, author of "*It Leaves Them Cold*", is rapidly climbing into the "top ten" of those authors whose heroes' wisecracks are as slick as their 'draws' are quick. Sometimes, one finds that this fast-moving type of book tends to become superficial—a bit too slick. This has never been the case with Kevin O'Hara, and in this latest book the depth and solidity of the writing is most impressive.

"Chico" Brett, the wise-cracking "private eye" who dominates Kevin O'Hara's books is very far from the average brutal "hearty" who is rapidly becoming a literary type. He is a gentleman (in spite of being a foreigner) with civilized tastes, and more cultured than the author chooses to reveal! He has an ear and a palate, as well as an eye for a woman.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of "strong-arm" stories is their completely ephemeral quality; perhaps the greatest praise I can give this book is to say that I found myself reading it a third time, and discovering each time fresh things to admire and praise. S.

THE LAUGHING MATTER. A Serious Story. By William Saroyan. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

HONEY SEEMS BITTER. By Benedict Kiely. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

NO TRIP LIKE THIS. By C. C. Cawley. The House of Edinboro, Boston. \$2.75.

The particular merit, one supposes, of a sordid theme is that it so easily wears an air of realism; but Mr. Saroyan's solemnity and Mr. Kiely's note of hysteria offer further proofs of authenticity. *The Laughing Matter* tells the story of a young professor who takes his wife and children to the country for a holiday. Almost immediately, the wife admits that she has been unfaithful, and her stricken husband has the curious idea that an abortion will solve their problem and protect his adored son and daughter. Miss Elizabeth Bowen believes that if the book "fails to move us, that may be because we remain at odds with Mr. Saroyan as to what is, in life or art, the important thing . . . He sketches a search for grace, the last-minute grace: reconciliation." It would be pleasant to find all this in the indistinct character of the woman, the tiresome children, the violent deaths, the bleak and yet sentimental dialogue, but Mr. Saroyan's pseudo-philosophy is too much of a barrier.

Honey Seems Bitter is a more vividly written novel. The narrator, Donagh Hartigan, in trying to recover from a nervous breakdown, chooses a form of homoeopathic treatment: he spends his time with a group of neurotic people and becomes involved in a murder case. Parties in Dublin and country hotels where the guests are drunk and then sick, and a dreary love-affair, are furnished up by Hartigan with nonchalant references to Pascal, Rilke and Sartre. Mr. Kiely can be witty and precise and moving, which makes the more regrettable his devotion to the trivial.

The publishers of Mr. Cawley's collection of short stories employ astonishingly intemperate praise—"a moving, psychological masterpiece", etc., etc. At least one can agree with their warning: "Some (of the stories) are about—but none are for—children"; but one would add that neither is *No Trip Like This* for the reader who dislikes a mixture of sexual nastiness and cosy virtue.

LASCAR ROCK. By Sigerson Clifford. 1s. 6d.

THE BREASTPLATE OF SAINT PATRICK. Translated by Thomas Kinsella. 7s. 6d. The Dolmen Press.

Lascar Rock, Mr. Clifford's stark and memorable ballad, and Mr. Kinsella's translation of *The Breastplate of Saint Patrick* with designs based on early Irish

art by Mr. H. Neville Roberts are interesting additions to the small hand-printed books of the Dolmen Press. The quality of these productions encourages one to hope for more substantial work.

THE VIOLET CROWN. An Athenian Autobiography. By B. G. R. Levy. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

In *The Violet Crown*, Deinomache, the mother of Alcibiades, tells the story of her life: her childhood in Italy and, after the death of her husband, the years spent with her children in the household of Pericles. A Pythagorean, and rather dreary, she attempts in the three months left to her of life to understand Alcibiades, and to discover how far she is to blame for the flaws in his character.

Unfortunately, Miss Levy's device is awkward. The dying woman's reminiscences about wars and politics and the carving on the Parthenon often suggest lecture-notes; and the concluding lines—in an autobiography—raise irreverent questions:

"All those still left to me are gathered to say farewell. I can feel on my hand the tears of Cleinias, and dimly see the steadfast grey head of my brother Megacles. There are Aspasia, and my friend of latter years, Perictione, mother of the wonderful little boy, Plato; and Theano, who refused to curse Alcibiades. Socrates I know is here, and I think Sophocles also. Eryximachos has remained to help me to the last . . . But the small room is crowded. I cannot now distinguish the living from the past. All whom I loved and honoured in the past are with me now. Agariste with her nurse Amycla, Pericles, my teacher Pheidias, my father, and Empedocles; Pythagoras himself."

Its form apart, this book can be enjoyed for the vivid and scholarly account of Athens and some of the greatest of the Athenians.

BLAZE OF THE SUN. By Jean Hougron. Translated from the French by Mervyn Savill. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.

THE FACE OF TIME. By James T. Farrell. Spearman and Calder. 15s.

M. Jean Hougron is a young writer whose four Indo-Chinese novels are much admired in France. *Blaze of the Sun* opens with the Viet-Minh ambush of a convoy and the forced march of some Frenchmen, and the Annamite wife of one of them, through the jungle to a prison-camp. My-Diem ransoms her devoted husband and herself and, back in Saigon, discloses the position of the camp to the French authorities, indifferent to the fact that by denying the presence there of any but Vietnamese, their fellow-prisoner Lastin is likely to be killed in the planned air-attack. But he escapes and, though aware of the betrayal, falls passionately in love with her. The relations between the cynical Lastin, My-Diem with her conflicting loyalties and desires, and the gentle despairing husband, are subtly analysed; but much more interesting than the study of carnality are the excellent descriptions of Saigon, its surroundings and people, and the account of the country's present political struggles.

The Face of Time is, like Mr. Farrell's previous novels, about Roman Catholics of Irish descent in Chicago. It portrays ably the domineering grandmother and her delight in the American way of life, her husband dying of cancer but nostalgic to the end for Ireland, and their family: the conscientious, self-satisfied Al, the pious, shiftless Lizz with her poor husband and several children, the pleasure-seeking Margaret and consumptive Louise. Lizz's five-year-old son Danny, who lives with his grandparents, is one of those uncontrolled, boring children so beloved by American novelists; but his

behaviour is tame beside that of the women who quarrel constantly and in the groggen language.

The Proletarian school of literature has its limitations: realism that becomes monotonous, a puny mental range, a hovering sentimentality. Admirers will, however, probably agree with the American criticism that sees in *The Face of Time* "the fruit of a great writer's maturity."

COLOUR BAR. By Learie Constantine. Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.

The preface to *Colour Bar* quotes articles from "The Universal Declaration of Human Rights" proclaimed in 1948. Mr. Constantine then shows in his sad and eloquent book how appallingly coloured peoples are still exploited and denied justice by the white races. There are chapters on Negro achievements in the arts, in science, politics, business and sport; but in general the picture is a sombre one of the complacency, arrogance and trickery of white administration, the hypocrisy of the Churches. Mr. Constantine refers but briefly to his own experiences and is quick to acknowledge courtesy and generosity, but he is profoundly moved by the miseries and frustrations endured by Negroes, and one would like to think that every reader will be equally stirred.

It is an important book (even where it is less than fair to colonial policies, it is the viewpoint of a very intelligent observer) as a forceful plea for the rights of humanity, and as an explanation of the appeal of communism to the down-trodden.

"It is no use shouting at the Negro that Democracy is better than Communism. It may be better for you. It is not better for him. He only knows what Democracy does to him when it makes him carry Passes, shuts him in slums, pens him in land-sick Reservations, half-starves him and his wife and children. He feels — millions and sullen millions of him feel — that nothing can hurt him worse than Democracy hurts him now. He asks for deeds, not words. If he does not get them, then Democracy becomes—as it is now for most Africans—a term meaning hypocrisy, greed, torment, oppression. Most Africans among themselves spit at the word.

"There is still time for Democracy to teach him another meaning. But the time, I pray you believe me, is growing short."

DEVILMAN'S JUNGLE. By Gustaf Bolinder. Dobson. 15s.

Professor Bolinder, the distinguished Swedish anthropologist, writes in *Devilman's Jungle* of the secret societies of Sierra Leone and Liberia, human sacrifice in the Niger delta, and the witch doctors of South Africa. His book, vivid, and with many excellent photographs, explains the jungle mysticism that is to the black man a terrifying reality. Of particular interest is his opinion of the Poro and Bunda societies:

"It is true that there is much jungle magic woven into the activities of Poro and Bundu, even that the attitude of these societies is mainly based on respect for the magical powers of the society's medicine. None the less their objective is first and foremost that of preserving the traditions of the tribe and keeping its members together. It is, too, these societies which attend to the education of the young people, and that is in many respects admirably well organized, both in practical and theoretical subjects . . . It is regrettable that the educational system of the secret society has not attracted the attention it deserves of those Europeans who staff or organize schools for the Africans . . . There have been all sorts of rumours about it, mostly unreliable, and thus the white man's work of enlightenment has been based

on the pattern of his home country, which is by no means always suitable for the Negroes."

Here one sees the African's response to his animistic world: through ancestor veneration, wary respect of demons, unquestioning belief in the powers of the witch doctor and secret society, and through fertility rites, he seeks to placate the dark powers, and so achieve security in this life and what seems a sad peace after death.

Deliberately designed as the book is for the general reader, it gives a just and sympathetic account of the background to the situation in Africa as it is to-day.

MY DEAR MR. JONES. The Letters of the first Duke of Wellington to Mrs. Jones of Pantglas.

THE STORY OF JEPHTHAH. With a Commentary. Illustrated by Peter Rudland.

BELPHAGOR. By Niccolo Machiavelli. Illustrated by Danuta Laskowska.

Miniature Books: Rodale Press. 5s. each.

The Miniature Books are all delightfully produced and agreeably illustrated. The letters written by the Iron Duke to the young Mrs. Jones of Pantglas in 1851 and 1852—the last years of his life—refer briefly to events of the day and at Court, but their main interest is that they show him alert to the end, considerate to his friends, and devoted to children. "When they become familiar with me I believe that they consider me one of themselves, and make me a sort of plaything! They climb upon me and make toys of my hair and my fingers! They grow up into friends." And one like his spirited postscript to the letter written a week before he died: ". . . an Englishman has no claim to be treated by the Tribunal, in any country otherwise than as a native of the same."

Jephthah, the dramatic story in the Book of Judges (Authorised Version) is provided with an excellent commentary and illustrations in the style of the Babylonian wall drawings. Machiavelli's *Belpagor*, presumably written after *The Prince*, is the witty tale of an arch-devil sent by Pluto into the world to discover the truth about the married state. His experiences so confirm the complaints of lost souls which had wearied the infernal judges that he returns thankfully to hell.

A RIVER FULL OF STARS. By Elizabeth Hamilton. Andre Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

The sketches in *A River Full of Stars* have an autobiographical thread. Some of the episodes that were recorded in a book by Miss Hamilton's mother are here retold, but as they appeared to the equally sensitive and observant child: the happy Wicklow home and visits to Dublin, the disastrous stay in Florida, the disappointments and strain of life in England during the first World War. To those first memories are added recollections of her school and college days and experiences as a schoolmistress, and an account of a return visit to Wicklow after the death of her parents. Miss Hamilton's book, with its vivid appreciation of the visual world and vignettes of those to whom she owed her love of classical literature, reception into the Roman Catholic Church, and happiness, is a charming if rather slight piece of writing.

JIZZLE. By John Wyndham. Dennis Dobson. 11s. 6d.

This collection of short stories tells of a monkey with a gift for drawing outrageous caricatures, of a performing flea, a Chinese dragon in Wales, a transformed spider, a female Pied Piper in America, and a Wellsian monster. Mr. Wyndham makes neat use also of time theories and ghosts; and most of the tales with their light satire are diverting.

P E R I O D I C A L S

THE BRITISH JOURNAL FOR THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE. August 1954. Volume V. No. 18. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

The August issue opens with a cogent re-examination by Reginald O. Kapp of the traditional approach to the implications of similarities and differences between living and lifeless machines. Czesław Lejewski contributes a paper entitled 'Logic and Existence'; J. R. Smythies, an able analysis of the concept of 'projection' as used in the neurobiological sciences; and Karl Menger, a study of 'Variables in Mathematics and in Natural Science'. There are, in addition, valuable reviews and notes.

BOOKS ABROAD. An International Library Quarterly. University of Oklahoma Press. One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents.

The Spring number includes a notable essay on contemporary writing in France by Claude-Edmonde Magny, and others on writers in Portugal, Greece, Catalonia and Provence. The Summer and Winter numbers are equally wide-ranging. The former has critical studies of Indian, Chinese and Japanese writing, the latter of German, Austrian and Hebrew literature. *Books Abroad*, with its reviews of foreign books and distinguished articles, is a quarterly of considerable interest.

ÉTUDES ANGLAISES. VIIe Année. No. 2. Avril 1954. Didier, Paris. 400 fr. lectures, 'Pauline de Browning'. The essays and criticism in French and English include 'La Critique stevensonienne du Centenaire' by G. Miallon, 'J. M. Synge devant l'opinion irlandaise' by C. Trividic, 'La Divine Comédie de William Blake' by H. Lemaitre, and a study by J. Harvey of Edith Wharton's novels.

HERMATHENA. No. LXXXIII. May 1954. Hodges, Figgis, Dublin. 10s.

This number of *Hermathena* has an appreciation of Charles Algernon Parsons by Dr. John de Courcy Ireland, and an article on the relevance to the Epicurean Friendship in Lucretius of a passage of Manilius by Mr. B. Farrington. Dr. John Cruickshank contributes a valuable study of Romain Rolland's political thought, and Dr. Brian Inglis writes on Sir Arthur Wellesley's attitude to the Irish Press. There are also papers on Horace's Odes, on Berkeley, and the *Odyssey*; poems, including one by Mr. Samuel Beckett; and the usual scholarly reviews.

MIND. A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy. Vol. LXIII. No. 251. July, 1954. Nelson. 4s. 6d.

This number of *Mind* continues G. E. Moore's discussion of Wittgenstein's Lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1930-33. There is a lucid examination by P. H. Nowell Smith of the controversy between the Determinists and Libertarians, and H. J. N. Horsburgh writes on 'The Criteria of Assent to a Moral Rule'. The lengthy reviews include a particularly interesting one by J. W. Yolton of Santayana's *Dominations and Powers*.

PLATFORM. Spring 1954. 2s.

Platform is a small magazine devoted mainly to verse. The outstanding features of this issue are a translation by Charles Higham of Valéry's *LEbauche d'un Serpent*, and poems by G. S. Fraser and Tom Scott.

TRACE. No. 8. August, 1954. 1s.

The editor of *Trace* gives a critical survey of the smaller magazines to assist young writers, and provides a useful directory.

